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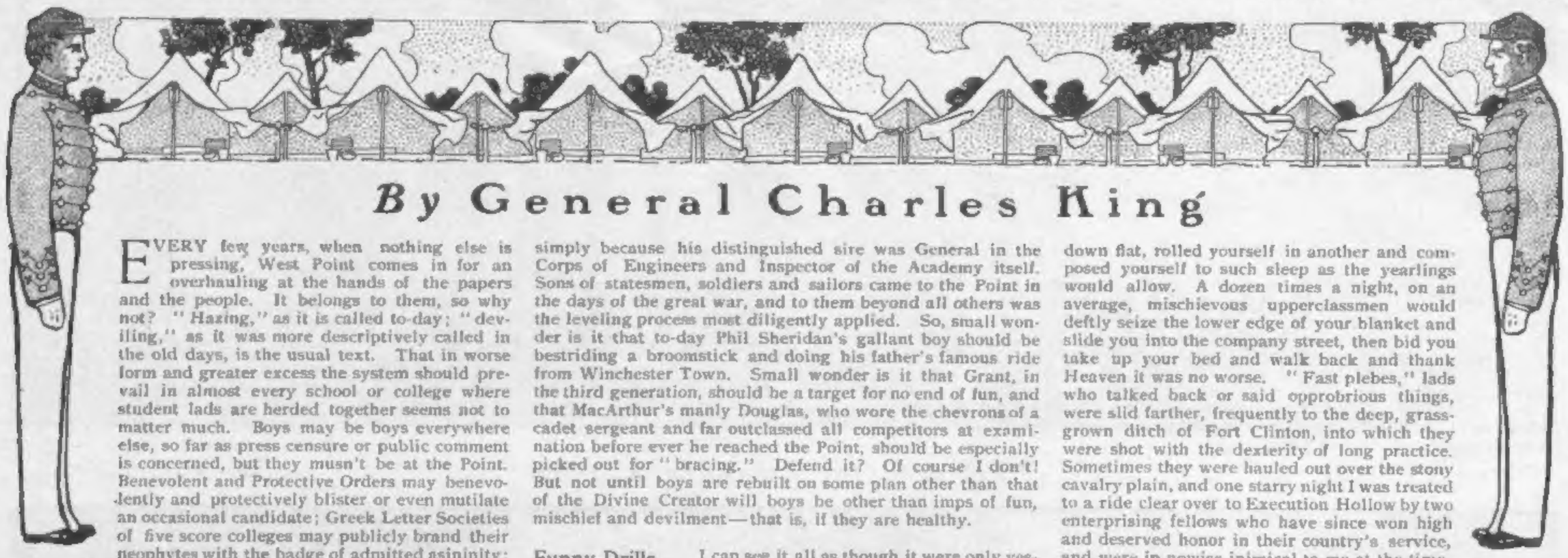
West Point as it was and is

By General Charles King

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

West Point as it Was and Is—Plebe Life



By General Charles King

EVERY few years, when nothing else is pressing, West Point comes in for an overhauling at the hands of the papers and the people. It belongs to them, so why not? "Hazing," as it is called to-day; "deviling," as it was more descriptively called in the old days, is the usual text. That in worse form and greater excess the system should prevail in almost every school or college where student lads are herded together seems not to matter much. Boys may be boys everywhere else, so far as press censure or public comment is concerned, but they musn't be at the Point. Benevolent and Protective Orders may benevolently and protectively blister or even mutilate an occasional candidate; Greek Letter Societies of five score colleges may publicly brand their neophytes with the badge of admitted asininity; the Sons of This, the Thousand and One, the Patriarchs of the Twisted Tail may duck, electrify, spread eagle and otherwise test the temper and "sand" of their aspirants; one college may pitch her beginners from a precipice; another souse hers in the adjacent lakes, or put through their paces batch after batch of newcomers; Eton, Rugby and Harrow, across the seas, may have fagged and tormented new boys from time immemorial, as Thomas Hughes tells us; and still they live, and so does the system. It is when we hear of certain modifications of these practices at our military school that we rise in unmodified wrath and demand, as did Mr. Bailey, of Texas, the abolition of West Point.

And yet, from the point of view of a fellow who has been all through the mill, it can be confidently asserted that the practice is on the wane, and that plebe life to-day is nowhere near so "tough" as it was forty years ago, when deviling was in full blast and nobody seemed to care a rap. Of course there were mothers then as now who thought hazing hideous, brutal, inexcusable, so long as their boys were victims. After that, it was harmless fun that did the plebes good.

Sliding the Plebe in His Blanket

It all depends on the point of view. To-day our candidate is received at the close of the June examination of the Corps. He and his five score associates go at once before the surgeons and those not physically sound get their demit within the hour. Then comes the two days' wrestle with the preliminary written and oral tests which sifts out perhaps a dozen more. Then, as accepted, the candidate, now a full-fledged "plebe," is housed in a wing of barracks under watchful eyes while the Corps itself moves into camp. Neat and suitable fatigue uniform is promptly provided. His Spartan soldier furniture is ready. He is secluded from public gaze; drilled and coached in the sanctity of the area of barracks, and not until well taught in the school of the soldier is he marched into camp and assigned to tent and company. Then, in common with every other cadet, he is kept busy with drills and duties from dawn till dinner, from four P. M. till dark, and such fun as the oldsters have at the expense of the new is in the few hours of the early afternoon and evening. Then indeed is the plebe called upon to furnish entertainment for the veterans—to sing his song, tell his story, dance if he can, spar and wrestle, or show a willingness to do so. Then indeed is he invited to take care of more tents than his own—it is an important item in his military education, and "practice makes perfect." Perchance he may be "braced," a system of involuntary gymnastics far more apt to be applied to the lad who has come from a military school and thinks he's got the military carriage than to those who have no pretensions whatever. It may indeed happen that he occasionally finds himself, in the dead hours of the night, sliding smoothly out into the company street—his blanket having been "made down" on the hard, wooden floor of his tent, no tumbling out of bed is a necessary preliminary. There are refinements such as the "Sammy Race," that was unheard of in the old days, but one thing—one remarkable thing—about the whole business is, that it is the lad who hails from the highest plane of social, official or political influence who has to take his deviling in allopathic doses.

Special Hazing for Sons of Famous Men

It was so in '66 when Fred Grant entered, when his honored father was General-in-Chief. The Corps would have worked and worried Fred to the verge of exasperation, but with that everlasting grin on his broad, good-natured face he plodded along, patiently awaiting the day when he, too, should be a yearling and privileged to devil somebody else. Our class in '63 seemed especially to rejoice in exercising Fred Mahan, son of the famous professor of engineering, but nothing ever "feazed" his illimitably philosophic temperament. In '61 the yearlings tormented slim young Totten from June till September simply because his distinguished sire was General in the Corps of Engineers and Inspector of the Academy itself. Sons of statesmen, soldiers and sailors came to the Point in the days of the great war, and to them beyond all others was the leveling process most diligently applied. So, small wonder is it that to-day Phil Sheridan's gallant boy should be bestriding a broomstick and doing his father's famous ride from Winchester Town. Small wonder is it that Grant, in the third generation, should be a target for no end of fun, and that MacArthur's manly Douglas, who wore the chevrons of a cadet sergeant and far outclassed all competitors at examination before ever he reached the Point, should be especially picked out for "bracing." Defend it? Of course I don't! But not until boys are rebuilt on some plan other than that of the Divine Creator will boys be other than imps of fun, mischief and devilment—that is, if they are healthy.

Funny Drills for Future Generals

I can see it all as though it were only yesterday: the swarm of gray-coated young scamps, just emerged from the meekness of their own year of plebehood, doing their level best, without laying hands on him (that was cadet "taboo"), to tempt the newcomer into some unguarded word or awkward act; pestering him with questions, sending him on ridiculous errands, drilling him in impossible tactics, working him at all manner of improvised tasks; and I protest that none ever had to take such share of it as they whose fathers were rich or famous, or they who, hailing from the volunteers, came from the front often in uniform and sometimes even in the shoulder-straps of a commissioned officer. What sport the yearlings had with lads like Charley Breckinridge, "Bricks" Farragut, "Scrubs" Heintzelman, "Monitor" Jack Worden, George Meade, Schofield, Augur, Tommy Townsend (son of the Adjutant-General), Baird, Rucker, Mitchell, Casey, Reynolds—all sons of men famous in the war days—but never a word of their woes did the papers get!

Then we had two boys, sons of Cabinet Ministers, though they never were graduated, and half a dozen fellows who had been aides-de-camp to big generals, and several dozen who had worn chevrons or shouldered muskets at the front, and not a few who had been through pitched battles and were sent to the Point for gallant conduct. Is it a wonder that they were "cocky" in consequence—or that the Corps should proceed to take it out of them?

Beginning the Climb to Greatness

Opportunity for devilment was practically limitless in the war days. The nation had other need for its officers than to be detailed by dozens to watch over the slumbers of candidates and aspirants at the Point. Such young bears, with all their troubles before them, began to come about the first of June, were assigned to rooms in the southwest wing of barracks, and fenced off from the Corps by an imaginary line drawn from the angle of barracks to the corner of the guardhouse. Never waiting for examination to determine their fitness, drills and devilment began from the moment of their coming, and the first thing done to bring him down to the sense of his true level was to load the plebe with blankets, bedding, buckets, broom, wash-bowl and other impedimenta and send him, thus laden like a beast of burden, the long tramp across the hot plain to barracks or camp in full view of the throng of visitors, jeered by all the small boys about the post and "guyed" generally by civil as well as military beholders. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Hancock, Meade and whole hundreds of war heroes thus began their climb to greatness. They took their first drills in the open in front of chapel or library, with pretty girls and jaunty cadets looking on and tittering at their misery. They were arrayed before mock tribunals, courts-martial in full uniform and ferocious false mustaches, and there sentenced to be shot at sunrise. They were physically examined, in the buff, by a self-constituted medical board that started with all official solemnity and wound up in screaming fun. They, or at least we, in the early '60's, were "raided" night after night before even we passed the preliminary examination or got into uniform, and our bedding and clothing distributed all over the Point, to the end that we had to turn out in the gray of dawn and search for hours for the missing links.

Once in uniform and camp, then had the yearlings full swing! Work? Of course we had to work—every mother's son of us! and those who came from the front were worked the hardest because of our presupposed knowledge of the proper care of camp, of arms and equipments. We were worked and drilled from dawn till dark and deviled from dark till dawn. Yanking and ditching and smoking out, with an occasional blanket toss or rail ride, were the orthodox forms of devilment in the '60's, and of these the beneficiaries in greatest measure were the fellows who presumably had the biggest ideas of their own importance. Yanking was a simple matter. Plebes slept four in a tent, or at least three. The floor was a smooth wooden platform about six inches off the ground. You made one blanket down flat, rolled yourself in another and composed yourself to such sleep as the yearlings would allow. A dozen times a night, on an average, mischievous upperclassmen would deftly seize the lower edge of your blanket and slide you into the company street, then bid you take up your bed and walk back and thank Heaven it was no worse. "Fast plebes," lads who talked back or said opprobrious things, were slid farther, frequently to the deep, grass-grown ditch of Fort Clinton, into which they were shot with the dexterity of long practice. Sometimes they were hauled out over the stony cavalry plain, and one starry night I was treated to a ride clear over to Execution Hollow by two enterprising fellows who have since won high and deserved honor in their country's service, and were in nowise inimical to me at the time. It was all philanthropy—done for my good.

One night, for some solecism not now remembered, the yearlings decided that I should be yanked forty times between taps (ten o'clock) and reveille (five A. M.), and they only missed it by a trifle—three, I think.

Then, that the plebe should be expert in pitching camp, his tent was let fall many a time in the dead hours of the night. If he still preserved too much of jauntiness and self-satisfaction, "smoking out" was occasionally resorted to, and that, I own, made me and one or two others so sick for a few hours that we vowed never to take part in the practice in years to come, and we never did; and when I read of that boy found sick and faint by the ice tank last summer it took me back to the same tank in '62. Blanket tossing requires no explanation. There is no great harm in it provided the crowd doesn't drop it and scatter at some sudden alarm, as happened once when a plebe was well in air. I never saw yearlings more remorseful and considerate than they were for a week after that episode.

Unlimited Fighting but No Complaints

Ducking was never resorted to in those days except when a fight was to come from it. We were often asked then and since by outsiders: "Couldn't you fight and put a stop to it?" Fight? Goodness, yes! You never saw a place where you could get a fight quicker, and, as a rule, fair play. But all the fighting in the world couldn't stop the deviling. Our class fought a dozen times and won their full share, too, but what's the use of fighting when nothing is gained but the battle itself? The easiest way was to try to remember that every one of those fellows had had to go through the whole circus himself; that, if you felt like it, you could take it out of the next class a year later, and that most of it was done out of pure fun and that superabundant mischief that bubbles over from the heart of every lively boy. Only once in a while were there symptoms of ugliness or brutality. Then was the time to fight and to fight for all you were worth.

Looking back upon those days and recalling, as I do vividly, the names and faces of those who were prominent hazers and head devilers, I can say without hesitation that the limited few who were brutal in the practice either failed of graduation entirely or came to grief within a very few years thereafter, and I dare say the like rule obtains now.

As for the victims, those whose fathers had worn the cadet gray and those who earnestly hoped to wear the army blue held the reward to be well worth all it took to win it, deviling included. It was never from these the whimper came! The complaints, nine times out of ten, were lodged by boys who, realizing that they could never pass the mid-winter examination, resigned, and told their tale of woe to the kind and credulous to cloak their own stupidity.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three papers, by General King, on cadet life at West Point. A paper which will appear in next week's issue deals with the ethics of the corps.

"Jacky's" Health

By C. A. McAllister

United States Revenue Cutter Service

THE physical examination to which all candidates for enlistment in the United States Navy are subjected is of such a thorough nature as to preclude the admission of any but those of the soundest constitution. As a consequence, the men-of-war's-men of to-day are as healthy a body of men as can be found.

The whole tendency of the calling is to keep the sound body with which the young sailor must start out in the best of health. This is due not alone to the open-air exercise which the daily routine of work entails upon him, but also to the stringent rules put in force by the naval authorities. He is compelled to keep regular hours. Retiring and rising at uniform times, he obtains the proper amount of sleep. His meals are served with regularity, and consist of food selected for its nutritive qualities and adaptation to the kind and

amount of labor he has to perform. To insure its being of the proper quality and well cooked, the rules require that the ship's cook shall, at fifteen minutes before the meal-hour, submit a sample of every article of food to be served to the officer of the deck, who, upon tasting the same, decides whether or not it meets the requirements as to quality and cooking.

All provisions supplied to the vessel must pass the rigid inspection of a board of officers before being accepted by the Government. If peddlers come alongside in small boats, known as "bumboats," to sell fruits, pies or similar dainties to tickle the seafaring palate, their entire stock in trade must be examined by the medical officer before they are allowed to offer anything for sale. The drinking water is, in nearly all vessels, distilled from the sea-water and ascertained to be absolutely pure before it is used. The danger of typhoid fever and other diseases so frequently caused by drinking impure water is thus averted.

"Jacky's" clothing, also, is looked after with as much care as is his food. The uniform for the day is always prescribed with due consideration of the weather and the kind of work he is to perform. In the tropics he is compelled to wear a white duck suit; in colder climates he must don a flannel uniform, and, if necessary, a good, warm pea-jacket. The underclothing and stockings are also selected with regard to climatic conditions. In the early morning, when washing down decks, he is allowed to go in his bare feet if the weather is warm. In cold, rainy weather, oil-skin suits, "sou'westers" and rubber boots must be worn.

Personal cleanliness is a matter of strict attention, ample time being allowed for bathing, and in most vessels shower-baths are provided for this purpose. Woe betide the individual who fails to perform the necessary ablutions, for on complaint being made to the officer of the deck, the delinquent may be compelled to strip and have a hose played on him by a boatswain's mate, or else be given a vigorous scrubbing with sand and canvas by two or three of his shipmates. One or two experiences of this kind are amply sufficient to instil habits of cleanliness into the most slothful. To insure his clothing being kept clean, it is inspected daily at quarters; and, at intervals of about a week, all "Jacky's" belongings in the line of clothing must be spread out on deck and subjected to the scrutiny of the division officer. Few ships, if any, other than those of most recent construction, are provided with laundry facilities, so each man must do his own washing, and for this purpose salt water *ad libitum* is supplied from hose and deck buckets. It is no easy matter to wash a white suit in briny water, especially after coaling ship, but with salt-water soap and a vigorous supply of "elbow grease," work rivaling that of a good laundry is often turned out. As there is no linen of any description in a sailor's attire, the process of ironing is not required.

As the men sleep in hammocks which hang so close to one another that they almost touch, the matter of ventilation is of vital importance. To provide the requisite amount of fresh air, men-of-war are fitted with large blowers which are so arranged as to supply fresh air or to expel vitiated air at will from all the living quarters. In hot weather the majority of the men sleep out on deck where they are protected by the awnings from heavy dews and passing showers. On bright, sunshiny days all clothing not in use, besides hammocks and bedding, must be spread out on deck or hoisted in the rigging to be thoroughly aired.

What is Done When "Jacky" is Taken Sick

With such rigorous hygienic rules and precautions as the sailor of to-day is compelled to observe, it is not strange that the health of our naval seamen is far above that of any other body of men. It is true that there are frequently cases of sickness on shipboard, but they are generally of a mild nature. Occasionally such maladies as typhoid fever, pneumonia or consumption occur, and for these cases a small hospital, or "sick bay," as it is called, is provided on every ship. There the patient receives the very best medical attention, and if the illness is very serious he is transferred to the hospital in the nearest navy yard. The medical corps on each ship consists of from one to three surgeons, according to the size of the crew; an apothecary whose duties are similar to those of this calling on shore; and a sufficient number of "baymen," or hospital attendants. In fact, the treatment of the sick on board men-of-war could hardly be improved. Every morning before quarters the sick-call is sounded on the bugle, and every man in the ship who has any ailment, or even imagines he has, is privileged to appear before the medical officer. If his indisposition is deemed of sufficient importance to warrant medical attention he is put on the sick list. A white badge on which is worked the Geneva cross is put around his arm, and he is excused from all duties until pronounced well by the surgeon. In all companies of men a few shirks are to be found who, to avoid work, "play off sick." Crews of war vessels are no exception to the rule. However, he who fools the average surgeon in the navy with a pretended pain or ache must be an excellent actor. Many are the attempts made, and the ludicrous attitudes assumed by "Jacky" in this rôle are sometimes very amusing. The doctor, upon suspecting the fraud, usually appears very sympathetic in his inquiries as to the nature and extent of the ailment, but when he announces that the first step in the treatment will be an unusually large dose of castor oil, the rapid recovery of the alleged invalid would do credit to the ministrations of a specialist. When a liberty party returns to a ship from a night on shore there are sometimes a few who have imbibed too freely of the cup that cheers (temporarily). Unlike his fellow-warrior in the army, "Jacky" has no canteen to resort to, as the only spirituous liquors allowed on naval vessels are the small amounts kept by the apothecary for medical purposes solely. As the effects of the liquor wear off, and the craving for a morning stimulant begins, he finds himself in a sore strait to obtain it. To the beginner, nothing seems more likely to bring the coveted brandy or whiskey within reach than a severe attack of the cramps. Unless the appeal for a remedy is made to a very young and unsophisticated surgeon, the chances are almost nine out of ten that he will be treated with castor oil or salts, and in addition thereto have a fiery mustard plaster applied to the affected parts.

Everything considered, we must admit that "Jacky" receives comparatively small pay from a financial point of view, yet he has those inestimably greater remunerations for his services in the navy—a sound body and good health.

"Baker's Biscuits"

By George Hibbard

"Ah, the hard-hearted parent! Like in a play"

WHEN MOWBRAY arose from his desk to go to the main office in answer to the summons that had just reached him, he thought that he should merely have to answer some formal questions. The "old man," as the head of the firm was called by every one but Mowbray himself—for reasons that will appear later—had for some time been unusually nervous. One result of this disturbed state had been frequent calls for Mowbray to appear in the room in the corner of the great building where the proprietor of the place—the originator of "Baker's Biscuits"—himself spent the most of each day and latterly a part of each night. Another accompanying manifestation had been a pronounced irritability whenever the young man finally appeared in his presence. Mowbray was puzzled and troubled—again for reasons, or rather a reason, that will be made evident in time. However, he was not anticipating the worst. Still, it was rather reluctantly that he dragged himself up the dingy, narrow stairs, and knocked doubtfully at the door.

The tone in which he was commanded to enter was certainly not assuring.

"I believe you wanted to see me," he said with the involuntary mildness with which he always addressed the possessor of the biscuits—always, again, for the reason that will be explained in season.

"I did," said the older man, swinging about abruptly in the revolving chair in which he sat before his desk. "I tell you now, this can't go on any longer."

"What, Mr. Baker?" pleaded Mowbray.

"This throwing away my money without any result, sir. When I placed you at the head of the advertising department of my business I did it because you were recommended to me as a young man of enterprise and push. Enterprise—you have about enough to launch paper boats—and push—you might push an apple cart, but that's all."

There was no mistaking it. The head of the firm—and the other partner did not count—was seriously disturbed. Mowbray flushed a little.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Baker," he said, "that you are not satisfied."

"Not satisfied!" exclaimed the older man, taking his gold eyeglasses from his nose so that he could safely speak with more vigor. "I'm mighty dissatisfied, if you want to know."

He was a common old man, though, generally—again for the reason—Mowbray did his best to close his eyes to the fact. This was one of the occasions when he could not be successful in doing so.

"Here I've been spending thousands without more return than if I'd been and poured it down a rat hole. I don't mind telling you that you've seriously crippled the business. And this has gone on long enough. Thousands, I tell you—and nothing to show."

"Didn't the 'Staff of life' advertisement bring returns?" said Mowbray modestly.

"Moderately—moderately," admitted Baker, "but nothing to count against the outlay."

"And the 'Break bread with me' picture?"

"No, sir—no, sir!" interrupted the other furiously; "that was a dead failure."

"It wasn't all that I expected," admitted Mowbray. "But surely, now, you know—that 'Baker's dozen'——"

"No," said the older man ponderously. "Looking it over, I can only think that what you have done has always lacked in snap and initiative." Then he continued, taking up a popular magazine and running over the pages at the back: "See the kind of thing other people have—some—some originality."

As the pages passed before his gaze Mowbray beheld the wonderful display of art and literature.

"Always something to catch the eye," went on Baker. "Pretty faces."

"Anybody can do that," said Mowbray contemptuously.

"Or catchy phrases—or big names recommending the things. There," he said, pointing to a copy of a letter to which was appended a very well-known name indeed. "We've had nothing like this. Now, if there had been something of that sort."

"There's no chance," urged Mowbray, "to get at such

"Enterprise—you have about enough to launch paper boats. Push—you might push an apple cart"

people in a small place like this—and often such things are paid for with more than we could give."

"I don't care," said Baker obstinately, "that's what we want. One thing like that would have given us the start, but we haven't had it, for you haven't given it to us. Now, Mr. Mowbray, you understand well enough that when I engaged you it was a part of a plan for extending the whole business. Expansion was my motto then, and what's come of it? Loss—loss—steady loss until I've got to shut down."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry to hear it," interrupted Mowbray.

"And how much you've got to do with it I can't undertake to say. There's been a steady drain—that's all I know; and I've made up my mind to cut out your department and go back to the old conservative lines. I'm disappointed. I don't claim I'm not. It was the ambition of my life to make the Biscuits known as they ought to be." He paused. "A week from to-day I feel sure that you will have settled all matters so that you can leave. It was a dream, you may say, but I know what those Biscuits are, and I know where they ought to be. See here," and he handed a typewritten sheet to Mowbray; "read that."

Glancing at the page, headed by the name of a great New York firm, Mowbray read: "We find we are unable to renew our order for Baker's Biscuits. There has been so little demand of late that we can only say we have been unable to dispose of any part of the large stock we have on hand——"

"You see," said Baker, as he observed how far Mowbray had read; "the largest orders we've ever had. Think of my sentiments after years! It's a blow. I don't harbor any harder feeling than is natural under the circumstances, but I hope that I sha'n't see you again. You remind me of that blow."

"What?" stammered Mowbray. "You don't want to see me again? You don't want me to come to your house?"

"Most positively I don't," said the other with marked vigor. "This is final. I am disappointed in you. I want to forget and I couldn't have you always under my eyes. At the end of the week I am going out of town. The trade about the country that I've been neglecting must be worked up, for I've lost money—lost a pile of money—and I don't see even yet how the business is going to stand it. Good-day."

Mowbray remained motionless. It seemed that he must say something—that there must be something to say—but he could think of nothing.

"Good-evening," said Baker, still more pointedly.

Mowbray's instinct was to leave the room without a word, but he still paused—once more for the reason.

"I'd like one more chance, Mr. Baker," he said almost humbly.

"Can't be done," snapped the other as he clasped his eye-glasses again on his nose and turned once more to his desk.

"I think I could show you."

"You've had quite time enough. I've lost all confidence, and the sooner you realize that the better—in every way—in every way, sir!"

At the marked accent in the words a sudden pang pierced Mowbray's heart—still, as always, for the reason.

"I'm sure I could show you."

"Well," said Baker impatiently and with biting sarcasm, "of course if you're so sure you've got till the end of the week. That's plenty of time for genius. Good-night."

Mowbray turned on his heel and abruptly left the room. He also left the great, dirty building and plunged into the street. He could always think better when he was walking, and he needed to think. It had all been so sudden.

He walked on for some time swiftly enough; then he moderated his pace as the first excitement gave way to overwhelming depression. Was all lost?—or rather, was she lost?—for she was all! Suzanne! She had really been christened Susan, but she had changed her name herself the year before she left school, which may have been silly, but which indicated imagination. Of course, if her father did not wish to see him again it would make a serious difference about his seeing her, and would work fatal havoc with those plans which had already been formed, though the father himself knew so little about them. For she—Suzanne—was the reason; as she was the reason for all the ways in which he thought, hoped, lived, breathed or had his hair cut. And with the quick apprehension of the lover he feared that all might be over.

Then he brightened up. At least he was going to see her that night. He was going to take her to the play, for the Bakers had not yet arrived at that form of civilization that demanded a chaperon. And at a quarter to eight he would draw up to the house in a hackney coach and bear her away alone. It was a great local occasion—the appearance of a woman famous among women the world over—famous for her beauty, for her eccentricity, and, above all, for her acting. At the box office, for a day and a night before the sale, the messenger boys had been in line half a hundred long. It had only been with the greatest difficulty that Mowbray had obtained the seats; still he had got them, paying a good seven dollars apiece for them, which was just seven dollars more than he could afford. Still, who would not give not only what can be afforded, but what cannot, to sit for four hours in Paradise, with a dark, cold drive through Elysium afterward? He had been looking forward to it, and now—should he tell her all at once—or should he leave the evening undisturbed and have the good of it? Walking on, he debated the point.

He had not decided it when later he nervously touched the electric bell at her door. He was not even sure of the reception that awaited him. Suppose her father had been telling her; what would be the effect? But in a moment she came down to see him, entering quickly through the big door of the drawing-room, dragging her heavy wrap behind her.

"Help me on with it," she said in a tone that proved to him that it was all right so far.

It was only in the carriage, driving to the theatre, that he finally decided to tell her, and then he told her hesitatingly.

He had hoped that she would treat the matter lightly, and it added to his growing apprehension when he saw how serious she was about it.

"Oh, what shall we do?" she exclaimed.

"Do you think he'll stick to it?" demanded Mowbray anxiously.

"Oh, he will, for his pride has been hurt, and he can't forget that. I know. I've every one of his disagreeable traits myself, as I've often told him."

"And so many dear ones of your own," said Mowbray fatuously.

"What *can* we do?" she continued, disregarding his last remark most deservedly.

"I don't know," Mowbray replied helplessly. "I've thought and thought."

"You must satisfy him in some way, and there's only a week."

"Only five days, in fact," he answered; and it was in a state of great depression that they entered and took their places in the bright, crowded theatre.

"We won't spoil to-night, and we'll find some way," she began when they had taken their seats.

"I wish I could," he replied. "That's what I've got to find. Some way of advertising the Biscuits that will not fail to attract attention."

"There must be something," she said pensively. "I've never noticed advertisements very much, but of course I've seen lots. Can't you make prettier pictures?"

"Tried everything in that way."

"Or bigger signs and more of them?"

"That's the way the money has gone."

"Or get somebody to recommend them?"

"That's what your father suggested, but I can't think of any one, and I couldn't get any one to do it if I did."

The orchestra stopped as he spoke, and after a moment the curtain rose. There was instant stillness, broken only when the "star" of the evening entered in the middle of the act. At once there was broken applause, to which the actress gave little heed as she moved down the stage.

"Oh!" exclaimed Suzanne involuntarily. "Isn't she lovely? Of course I can't understand a word she says, though. It doesn't sound like the French at school."

Even Mowbray, with all his cares upon his mind and all a lover's anxiety in his breast, for a moment forgot himself. And as the play went on and the matchless voice spoke the words of the part with infinite expression he lost himself in the story—in the character. Suzanne was listening with breathless interest, and together they followed the stage events with acute attention. At one part her hand stole out and touched Mowbray's, and for a moment in the dark his hand clasped hers. When the curtain fell it was like the breaking of a spell for both of them, and both joined in the wild applause that followed. Again and again it ran in waves of crackling sound, and at last the tragedienne appeared at the edge of the curtain. As she advanced, the sound of voices—so unusual in an American theatre—added to the din, and when she made her last bow there were men, and women, too, in the theatre who were standing and calling and waving hand or handkerchief.

"Isn't she wonderful?" gasped Suzanne. "Oh!" she cried suddenly, "why not get her?"

"Get her—what?" stammered Mowbray in astonishment.

"Oh, ask her to give the Biscuits a recommendation. Do you think that would answer?"

"There would be nothing like it!" he exclaimed. "But she wouldn't. She's too grand. She's never done such things. She never would."

"You could try," urged the girl.

"She never would listen to me," he said. "And if she did she would turn me out."

"But she looked so sweet and kind. Try—try. Do it for me."

"You know I'll do anything you tell me," he replied.

"Oh, I know it will be all right now."

"If that's all you're counting on," he said bitterly, as the troubles of his situation came back to him, "I'm afraid that it's all up."

"But you *will*," she insisted. "Oh, I've a plan! Promise," she added commandingly.

"You can make me promise anything," he groaned.

And between each act they talked of this unceasingly, and all of the way driving home.

"It's hopeless," was the last thing he said as he left her at the door.

"We'll try," she answered, "for don't you see you *must* please papa."

"Of course she won't see me," was Mowbray's first thought when he awoke in the morning; and it was his last thought as he gave his card to the clerk at the hotel office. But Suzanne had told him to do it and he was dutifully obeying her orders.

He was told to wait, and nervously he paced the tessellated floor, among the loitering drummers and the hurrying hotel servants. He had parted with Suzanne at the door and had promised to join her at the Public Library, as soon as he could, with news of the event.

"She'll never do it," Mowbray assured himself. "There isn't any reason why she should."

Therefore it was with hardly a comprehending look that he gazed on the solemn "hall boy" that stood before him.

"You the gentleman for Number Seven?" said the man with all a negro's confidential interest. "This way, suh."

Mowbray was astounded, and it took a moment for him to gather himself together enough to follow his guide.

It was a charming voice that bade Mowbray enter as the servant knocked reverently.

"*Entrez!* Ah! Come in!"

And, the door being thrown open, Mowbray stood hesitatingly on the threshold. With his somewhat dazed eyes he saw the usual hotel "parlor," but with something of its edge taken off by stray rugs and furs on the floor—stuffs thrown on the tables and sofas, and pretty framed photographs and bric-à-brac on the tables. Seated by the fire that was blazing nervously in the grate sat the great actress, shading her face from the blaze with a light Japanese screen.

"Come in," she repeated, and then she arose briskly.

"I'm sure you are very good," began Mowbray, stumbling forward.

"It is not I—it is my manag-gaire," she said with a long accented guttural that was followed by a soft, low laugh. "You spek only English?"

Mowbray nodded.

"Ah, you see I spek it very well, so it is"—she hesitated—"all righ'."

She sat down abruptly, throwing one knee swiftly over the other, and running her fingers quickly through her short, bright hair.

"Sit," she said. "Now I suppose you ask me questions? How old I am—ah—how I like the country?"

"I beg your pardon," stammered Mowbray.

"*Eh bien*," she went on peremptorily.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," he continued; "I only came to ask you to listen to me—to ask you a favor."

"Listen to you!" she cried. "What! are you not the reportairre?"

And again a long, rolling consonant, but this time with an angry inflection.

"No," confessed Mowbray helplessly. "There must be some mistake."

"It ees zom mistake," she exclaimed impetuously. "I was to zee ze reportairre and you appear." Rising, she pointed to the door. "*Sortez*," she cried in the tone that had thrilled thousands.

Mowbray, who had put his hat on a table, picked it up slowly, but before he could look at her he heard a merry laugh, and glancing toward the actress he saw her lips smiling and her eyes dancing with merriment.

"But you seem a nice young man," she said good-humoredly. "I—I—lose my head. There must be a reason you are here."

"There is," replied Mowbray emboldened by her sudden change of manner.

"*Après?*" she went on impatiently.

"I came to ask you," stammered Mowbray—and as he approached the point he felt how hopelessly flat and utterly ridiculous it all seemed—"to ask you if you liked Baker's Biscuits."

She gazed at him in an astonishment that grew into sudden terror.

"Oh-oh," she cried. "*C'est la folie!* It is a crank! Oh, he will shoot me!"

"No—no," exclaimed Mowbray, starting forward.

She backed away from him, keeping him fixed with her eyes, while an elderly woman ran in fright from a room beyond.

"No—no," repeated Mowbray. "I only wanted to ask you to try them and say that you like them, so that we could use it for an advertisement." He had not expected to make his request in any such abrupt manner, but her sudden fright had drawn him into it. "Your—ah—famous name would be of inestimable value in obtaining a recognition that they deserve," he added, remembering suddenly in his embarrassment one of the phrases that he had constructed with so much care.

"*Enfin*," she said, stopping in her backward course, "*c'est amusant*. It is only the American enterprise, and I thought it *la folie*."

She laughed merrily and again sat down, making a motion to the maid to leave the room.

"You wish to use me," she continued more soberly, "to puff your goods—*faire de la réclame*."

"I only wish you'd give the Biscuits a chance and a word," replied Mowbray.

"For why," she asked.

"I don't know why you should," he admitted; "only such things are done."

"But I have not done them," she said swiftly. "And you come—ask me! It is an affront not to be borne. I said go; I say go, again!"

And once more she arose, her eyes growing hard and commanding. Gradually, though, Mowbray had become accustomed to the lightning changes, and now he faced her more composedly.

"I don't mean it that way," he said. "It's business with me, and I can only beg your pardon and, as you say, go. I knew it was an intrusion, and I wouldn't have been guilty of it if I could have thought of anything else, but it would make a lot of difference to me if you gave us what you call the *réclame*."

She looked at him curiously and listened with quick sympathy.

"Eh, there is more here than is to be seen."

"Yes, there is a little more," admitted Mowbray.

"Tell me," she said persuasively, sitting down on the arm of a chair and looking up at him.

"Why, in a way, my future depends on it," he said. "And in fact the future happiness of my life."

"The happiness of your life? Yes—no, it cannot be—but it must be a love affair?" she cried delightedly.

"Yes," said Mowbray desperately. "Good-morning."

She reached out and caught him by the arm.

"A love affair and an advertisement. That is so amusing," she said.

"Well, it's the truth," he replied. "But I don't suppose that has anything to do with it. I am sorry that I cannot interest you in the Biscuits."

"Yes," said the world-famous woman, looking thoughtfully at him.

"Good-morning," said Mowbray, "and I hope you'll pardon me. Good-morning."

As he turned to go there was a knock at the door, and a servant entered, bearing a card.

"Miss Suzanne Baker," said the actress as she read. "I know no Miss Suzanne Baker."

"It is she!" exclaimed Mowbray involuntarily in his surprise.

"*Tiens en effet*," said the actress slowly. Then, starting up, "I will see Miss Baker," she said to the man.

Miss Baker was evidently not far off—indeed, must have been waiting in the hall—for she was at once ushered in.

"Oh, it's so—so good of you to see me," she said impetuously to the older woman.

"Suzanne!" exclaimed Mowbray, a little scandalized by her appearance.

"I could not wait, and I knew that you would get it all wrong, and so I came myself," she said, turning swiftly toward him.

"I was just going," he answered.

"There!" she cried; "I knew it."

"But it was absurd; I told you," he argued.

The actress sat on the arm of the chair, looking from one to the other with a little smile playing about her mouth.

"How do you know?" the girl insisted. "Did you say how much depended on it?"

"I did," he affirmed.

"And you wouldn't do it," she continued, turning to the actress wonderingly—"just write your name?"

The actress laughed.

"Why do you wish it so?" she asked.

"Don't you see—papa is not at all satisfied with Jim—Mr. Mowbray—who has charge of the advertising department of the business."

"Ah, yes," said the actress, nodding her head.

"And he says he is disappointed in him and he is to go away."

"*Vraiment?*" observed the other, looking at the girl intently.

"Oh! you must understand. Jim is in love with me, and—well—I am in love with him, too—though I wouldn't have him know how much for the world. And if papa's down on him it will be just so much harder for us, and perhaps we may be separated forever."

"Ah, the hard-hearted parent!" murmured the actress. "Like in a play."

"And all was going so nicely," said the girl. "It was perfect from the first, and so wonderful, though for a long time, to be sure, I didn't know that Jim liked me."

"I don't see how you could help seeing it from the first," he urged.

"You were so strange," she retorted. "Sometimes you would be so lovely and then you would be almost rude and a perfect growly bear."

"I suppose that you had been more than usually nice to somebody else."

"Oh," she laughed, "and actually he was jealous when I was adoring him all the time. Think of it! The gratitude of man!"

"You certainly never let me see it."

"What could a girl do?" she went on, turning to the actress. "What could I do? Certainly he didn't expect me to come and throw my arms about his neck."

"No," retorted Mowbray, "but you might have let me see that you cared a little about me, instead of doing your best to prove that you didn't."

"Prove that I didn't!" she exclaimed. "Don't you remember the first time I telephoned to you."

"That was after you had gone on so with Walter Trimlay."

"Well, and what could I do? Hadn't you pretended not to see me when you came into the ballroom."

The actress continued to glance from one to the other—now almost unmindful of her presence—her lips smiling more and more until it seemed she must break into a laugh.

"You did not have my flowers, and I thought Trimlay had given you those you were carrying."

"You should have known they weren't his, but came from an old friend of papa's."

"How could I see that?"

"Anyway," said the girl, turning to the other woman, "that was the first time I began to suspect that—that he really cared. What a ball it was! I didn't dance—I sailed!"

"Ah, these lovers!" the great actress cried. "And you say now there is troubles. That the papa makes the difficulties. It's about the business?"

"Ah, yes," said the girl.

"You are the daughter of the biscuit maker?"

"Yes," answered the girl. "I am Suzanne Baker."

"Ah, you are the little sweet biscuit!" cried the actress. "And then," she went on, pointing to Mowbray and laughing with delight at her joke, "there is the hard one—what you call the hard-tack."

"I know that we are in a great deal of trouble," continued Suzanne earnestly, "for if papa has taken a dislike to Jim it will be very hard for us. He is what he calls very firm; but I think—and I'll tell him so—that it's obstinacy. And he won't give in, and what are we to do? Oh, everything was going to be so nice. And we had decided what house we wanted and everything. Of course we couldn't have a large one at first, but we don't want one. We only want one another."

"You shall have the house," said Mowbray, "though I don't think, because there is some old ivy growing all the way up the chimney, that that is a very practical reason for choosing a place."

"But I only said it was so romantic," Suzanne answered indignantly. "And if you really want to know why I *particularly* want that house it is because you could have such a large smoking-room and such a good place for all your fishing rods and things." She turned to the other woman. "Don't you think he is ungrateful?"

"*Mais*—it is the way of man," laughed the actress.

"I'm not," said the young man. "And the reason why I wanted it was because there is a stable and I want you at least to have a pony phaeton."

"You know that we couldn't afford it, for we want to be very economical. But it was dear of you to think of it. And now we've got to give it all up."

"Never!" cried Mowbray.

"Ah," said the actress, "the papa will not be so cruel to separate two such young hearts."

"But he will—I know he will," Suzanne almost sobbed. "Oh! I have been crying all night."

The older woman took the girl's hand gently in hers.

"Ah, do not cry. These *affaires de coeur*. They pass. I remember when I was in my convent there was a young man I see over the wall. I dream of him night after night. Then I never see him again." And she added laughingly: "You see, I am just as happy."

"How do you know?" asked Suzanne quickly.

"Ah!" The actress looked up.

"How do I know?" She paused for a moment. Then she went on slowly: "Ah! *C'est vrai*."

"But I know I couldn't be happy," replied Suzanne. "Why, when I went to Europe for three months in the summer I was perfectly miserable and dying to get home."

"And you know that I couldn't do anything," said Mowbray, "and that I weighed ten pounds less."

"And so did I, dear, you know. I was a perfect skeleton. And the things that I bought in Paris wouldn't fit me until I had been home ten days."

"Ah," cried the actress, the sadness in her face going as quickly as it had come, while the smile again played about her lips. "These Baker's Biscuits—they are delicious."

And crossing her arms on the back of the chair she let her face rest on them, laughing unrestrainedly.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mowbray, "if you would only write that."

"What?" asked the actress, looking up.

"Baker's Biscuits—they are delicious." Mowbray had sprung to the table and was holding pen and paper before her. "Just that," he replied.

"Just that?" said the actress.

"Yes," he replied eagerly.

"Oh, *do*," urged the girl.

"*Tiens*," said the actress, shrugging her shoulders.

Putting her left arm about the girl she rested her right on the table and wrote the words rapidly.

Then she turned and kissed the girl.

"After all," she said "one is young only once."

It was not in the best of moods that Baker descended from the crowded local train. He had had an uncomfortable and unsuccessful week in the small country towns and he was thoroughly out of temper.

"He'll want to go on," he said to himself, thinking of Mowbray, "but the best will be to make short work of him. Not a thing has he done."

Just then he stopped short, his eyes fixed on a dead wall opposite. Could he trust what he saw? He looked again. Underneath the great picture of perhaps the most famous woman of her time was a gigantic reproduction of a straggly feminine writing. Did he read aright? He went half across the street to be sure; then stood in the middle, with carts and carriages almost running over him as he stared at the words:

"BAKER'S BISCUITS—THEY ARE DELICIOUS."

"What—what?" he spluttered. "What has the young maniac been doing?"

He passed on hurriedly, at every turn the same advertisement meeting his eyes. In his haste he stumbled into his office, where Mowbray was waiting.

"What's this?" he cried, but could not finish. "What's this thing you've got at? It ain't the truth, and there will be trouble——"

"Nothing but the truth, sir," said Mowbray, holding out a paper. "Here is the autograph original. And, by the way, here's an order from that New York firm doubling their order. I've had the posters put up in every State this side of the Rocky Mountains. I put my own money—all I had—into it, because I wasn't sure you would approve."

Baker was silent for a moment.

"Young man, you'd better get out twenty thousand more of those pictures and do the other side of the Rockies. And, of course, I'll make good what you've spent. Better see about it at once." And he added: "Come to dinner tonight at the house. You can tell me about it, and I know that Susan will be glad to see you."

"What—what?" he spluttered. "What has the young maniac been doing?"

Odd Adventures in Queer Callings

"Running a line" through Cypress Swamp

Embarking for a timber cruise in Cypress Swamp

The Timber Cruiser

By Forrest Crissey

THE timber cruiser is at once the prospector and assayer of the lumber industry. He locates vast tracts of valuable timber and furnishes an expert estimate of their yield and quality. His life is solitary to a peculiar degree, and the daily routine of his calling is constantly attended by perils and privations so numerous and inevitable that the ranks of his profession are not overrun with eager recruits. It is doubtful if there are more than two thousand timber cruisers, of recognized professional standing, in the United States.

Absolute integrity is the most conspicuous trait of the men who follow this calling. Their earnings vary from four to ten dollars a day and expenses. For this they endure hardships and face perils. How great are the pecuniary temptations to which they are subjected may be judged from the fact that it is not an unusual thing for a million dollars to change hands on the verified estimate or "O. K." of one of them. The falsification of a report by a timber cruiser is so rare as to be practically unknown; and there have been many instances of refusals to accept substantial fortunes as inducements to shade reports.

Modern woodcraft has no masters to compare with the timber cruisers, to whom the densest forest is an open book, read as easily as the mariner reads the chart and compass. The shadows furnish the expert cruiser his timepiece; the bark and foliage of a forest monarch give him the points of compass, and the tilt of a pine top tells him where he will find running water. As a class, these rangers of the great mahogany, pine and cypress wildernesses of the American continents are shy, taciturn and uncommunicative.

The timber cruiser is a product of evolution rather than artificial selection and deliberate training. He begins as a chopper in the woods and is promoted to the position of "scaler," measuring logs at the mill. Then he goes out with a surveyor and learns to run a compass. Next he becomes assistant to a cruiser and finally succeeds to that position. All his training goes to teach him two essential things: how many feet of lumber any given tree will cut, and how many trees of the various grades and dimensions any given tract contains. The estimates of two different cruisers, working independently on the same area of timber, will often not vary more than two per cent. from each other if they are fair representatives of their profession. Generally their estimates run about ten per cent. below the actual yield.

How the Lines are Blazed

How does the cruiser in the trackless forest determine where he is and what are the limitations of the tract upon which he is at work? The major portion of the public domain was first surveyed by the Government surveyors. In densely timbered districts these men have left a record of their labors in true north and south and east and west lines, run at intervals of one mile apart, cutting the forest into checks of a mile square. These lines are indicated by "blazes" cut in the sides of trees, and also by stakes driven in the ground at the corner of every one of the mile-square sections. On the sides of four "witness trees" directly facing each of these stakes—or "Government staubs," as the cruisers invariably call them—is burned a technical description of the two lines which cross there. Therefore the first business of the timber cruiser is to find the staub and witness trees, and this gives him the exact location or starting point. It is one thing to travel directly north and south or east and west along a line blazed by a Government surveyor, and it is quite another task to run a true "open line" diagonally across a tract, from corner to corner. A veteran cruiser recently made a thirty-six mile trip of this character. In all that distance his sense of direction was so acute that he only missed going immediately to *three* posts out of the total number that intervened between the starting point and destination. As he neared the end of the trip he remarked: "We ought to find the staub about on the knoll, just ahead." And there it was! A carrier pigeon's instinct of direction is scarcely more marvelous than that. A cruiser can give you the time of day, within half an hour, by observing the direction of the shadows; and the bark on a tree is the next best thing to the magnetic needle in determining the points of compass.

Some of the owners of vast tracts of standing timber have served their apprenticeship in this exacting branch of woodcraft and can make as close an "estimate" as any man in their employ. To this class belongs Mr. J. D. Lacey, of Chicago, and some of his most thrilling experiences as a timber cruiser were had in threading the dense jungles and forests of Central America in search of the costly mahogany. Here are two of them as related to the writer:

Looking into the Eyes of a Tigress

"The most exciting five minutes of my mahogany-hunting experiences were, perhaps, those in which I looked into the eyes of a Central American tigress who was out for an airing with three of her kittens. Though this animal is not so large as the Old World species, it often attains a length of seven feet, and the females with young are notoriously ferocious.

"I had started out to make my way to a camp in the interior of the forest. My path was a rude and narrow highway, hewn through an almost impenetrable jungle, to make possible the hauling of mahogany logs to the nearest waterways. I followed the pass almost mechanically, till, on making a sharp turn, I saw, in the pass before me, not twenty rods away, the flaming eyes and the black and yellow coat of the biggest Central American tigress I ever encountered. Three tawny kits were by her side. One instant she paused, then made a peculiar noise and a quick forward movement, putting her young a few feet behind her. I was wholly without arms. A club was the only possible means of defense available, and I glanced hurriedly about to see if a stout stick were in reach. There was none, and I stood irresolute, expecting every instant to see the tigress spring toward me. But the conduct of the cubs proved my salvation. The little creatures mewed in a manner that commanded the attention of the mother and, almost before I could realize my possible deliverance, the whole family disappeared into the jungle."

Cruising for mahogany timber has its peculiarities and one of these arises from the fact that trees of this valuable wood are scattered among timber of other varieties. Each tree must be located individually and marked during the "hunting season." In this work the "sere and yellow leaf" is something more than a mere poetical allusion. It is the signal by which the hunter spots his game. In the fall the foliage of the mahogany takes on a yellow tinge which distinguishes it from the dress of all other trees. Then the hunters scatter out through the virgin forest, always searching for high points commanding a bird's-eye view of the sea of foliage below. One glance from an elevated position of this kind will locate more mahogany trees than days of beating through the dense tangle of the woods. Wherever, from this elevated perch, the cruiser sees a spot of yellow, he knows a mahogany tree is to be found. In his hand he carries a stick and cuts in it a notch for each blotch of yellow that comes under his experienced eye. He also makes a mental map of the location of these dots of yellow foliage, and his trained sense of location enables him, after descending from his elevation, to make his way to the trees noted and blaze a "blind trail" by which he may retrace his wanderings and find his prizes when, in January or February, he returns as captain of a cutting gang.

"The constant effort of the hunter to scale every commanding elevation," said Mr. Lacey, "often leads to experiences of a stirring character. Once, in company with a companion and mounted on my favorite saddle-mule, Sancho (and a wiser mule never lived), I met with an adventure which was as thrilling as it was novel.

Riding a Mule in a Landslide

"Our course led along a ridge with a slant of fully forty-five degrees. From my seat in the saddle I could look down at least two thousand feet into the valley below. We were jogging quietly along when suddenly I became conscious of a curious sensation, a peculiar motion. Instantly Sancho stopped and became rigid as a statue—and still we moved! In a second the realization of my strange situation dawned upon me. I was riding Sancho—but Sancho was riding a landslide that was moving down the steep declivity into the valley!

"About a hundred feet below was a shelving terrace; beyond that a sheer precipice. The best horse that ever followed a mountain trail would have been frenzied with terror, but as the earth gained in the velocity of its movement the more firmly did Sancho plant his hoofs in the moving mass. How many seconds passed before the landslide reached the narrow terrace I have no idea, but the mass of moving earth stopped on the shelf and my wise old mule stood immovable until I dismounted. The only thing to be done was to regain the trail above. With the end of the stake-rope in my hand I cautiously clambered up and then gave him the word to follow. He made the ascent with greater ease than I had, and then carried me forward as calmly as if nothing unusual had happened."

Although still a young man, Mr. S. Wood Beal, of New Orleans, has "looked" thousands of acres of timber in the "piny" woods and cypress swamps of Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana. His experiences in "running lines" through the lonely and desolate tracts are thoroughly typical of cruiser life in the United States, and the following narrative, given in his own words, presents the humors, hardships and dangers of the calling.

Outlaws Who Steal Timber

"One of the most dangerous problems connected with the management of timber property in the South is the handling of the 'squatters' and the timber thieves. These men have their shanties in the depths of the woods, and are undoubtedly as wild and barbarous examples of the white race as may be found within the borders of the United States. A sharp line of distinction should be drawn between the squatters and the timber thieves. The former are natives who have put up their rude habitations in the great pine woods originally belonging to the Government. They are, in the main, innocent of any intent to make dishonest use of the property of another, and when the tracts on which they locate pass into the hands of the timber dealers the latter almost invariably follow a policy of friendliness. Quite generally the timber dealer goes to the expense of removing the squatters to the nearest Government land, and assists them in securing a homestead and starting out on a new and sound basis.

"The human denizens of the vast cypress swamps are, generally speaking, quite different from the squatters of the 'piny' woods, being mainly timber thieves. Consequently they are the enemies of the proprietors of the tracts, and of every stranger supposed to represent the real owners. Most of them are wild and desperate and do not hesitate to shoot any person with whom they have a quarrel. Yet the wild inhabitant of the cypress swamp, who will put a bullet through his nearest neighbor without the slightest compunction, will hesitate to draw his gun on the stranger even though the latter be a hated 'landshark' or 'speculator.' This seeming anomaly is partly explainable by the stranger's ingenuous temerity in going into the region unarmed. But for this custom of going into the woods without defensive weapons of any kind, numerous timber cruisers, compass men and landowners would have lost their lives. There is nothing, however, which these wild woodsmen so much respect as genuine nerve, and the fact that the stranger dares to roam the woods without a weapon is accounted to him as a marvelous display of courage.

"Two of the closest calls that ever came within my experience were in dealing with timber thieves. In spite of the fact that we had received numerous warnings, telling us that landsharks who ventured into the big woods would be shot on sight, I started in upon the task of 'looking' a large tract of timber. I felt safe, for I was thoroughly convinced that an unarmed stranger would not be harmed. While running a line through a splendid section of cypress timber a little way back from a river I heard the strokes of a woodsman's ax, and saw, a few rods before me, in the centre of a small

clearing one of the most picturesque and impressive specimens of the wild woodsman that I ever looked upon. He was tall and spare, but his movements showed the litheness of a cat and his features were strong and clear cut.

"I realized that I was facing an unusual man and possibly a very dangerous experience. First, however, I knew that I must definitely determine, by a continuation of my line, that he was cutting staves on the land of the company by which I was employed.

"As I reached to draw the compass from my hip pocket he instantly threw down his ax and snatched up a short-barreled Winchester which had been resting against a log. He was under the impression that I was drawing a revolver. To restore the compass to the pocket would be to confess that I was armed and also that I was a coward, so I raised the compass into position and deliberately sighted it quite as a matter of course.

"Restoring the compass to my pocket, I walked slowly toward the man and gave him the customary salutation of strangers meeting in the South, at the same time taking note of the fact that his labors were shared by a red-haired and freckled negro. But I soon forgot all about the negro after once looking into the eyes of the white woodsman. They were blue-gray and had a peculiar wildness and penetration. After greeting him I said bluntly:

"'Do you know on whose land you are cutting these staves?'

"With a drawling curse he replied: 'Them speculators from the North, I reckon.'

"'Well,' I answered, 'that's right; and I want to tell you that I'm one of them. Now, tell me; you have no claim to this timber, have you?'

"'Nothing but this, stranger!' he instantly answered, lifting the gun from his knees and holding it out before him in both palms.

"'A gun-title may hold good for a time,' I replied, 'but it will not stand in law. Why not be reasonable and go out peaceably instead of being taken?'

"For nearly an hour I remained with this fascinating woodsman and argued the undesirability of a gun-title to land, and of timber stealing in general. On reaching the settlement at which I made my headquarters I recounted my experience to the hangers-on about the store and drew expressions of astonishment from my hearers.

"'Young man,' said a native, 'that timber thief is the most desperate man in this whole parish. He's killed six men that I know of, and it's a miracle that you're not back there under a log pile, or in the river, with a bullet-hole through you.'

"It was my duty to oust this desperate man, but I was in no haste to take up the task. Shortly after my experience, however, news came to me indirectly that he had been shot dead by the captain of a river schooner with whom he had quarreled.

A Capitalist Hunted by a Snake

"An ever-present danger to the timber cruiser is found in the alligators and venomous reptiles which infest Southern swamps. On one occasion a small party of capitalists wanted to make an inspection of one of the most inaccessible cypress swamps of Louisiana. I was to be compass-man and guide through five miles of the densest portion of the swamp. We armed ourselves with stout hickory sticks, tucked our coarse trousers inside our laced boots and wore as little clothing above the waist as possible, for the heat was terrific. Our path led through a thick growth of cypress, with a dense undergrowth of small shrubs and vines, and we could not see ten feet ahead. The swale was covered with mud and slime to the depth of nearly a foot. As I was very light my feet did not sink in deeply, and the man who followed twenty paces behind me walked in my muddy tracks. These foot-holes were deepened by every man who stepped in them, and the lumberman who brought up the rear, who was a heavy man and the chief of the party, waded in muck and slime up to his thighs.

"I sat down on a log to wait till all should come up. One by one they came plodding along until only the chief of the party was missing, and I took the back trail to look for him and came suddenly upon him, standing waist deep in slime. He appeared to be wholly unconscious of my presence and to be almost in a stupor. Not until I had come within two yards of him did he arouse. Then he drowsily opened his eyes. At that instant, wriggling in the water immediately in front of him, I saw the biggest, plumpest moccasin I have ever encountered.

"The half-awakened man saw the snake and myself at practically the same instant. With a wild yell he came up out of his bed of mire as if blown by dynamite. I am convinced that, under ordinary circumstances, it would have required the combined strength of all the members of the party to lift him from out the sticky pit of slime into which he had sunk. The moccasin disappeared in the upheaval, but with our hickory sticks we killed fully fifty of them before we got back to camp."

Lost and Frantic in a Swamp

Cruisers are seldom lost in the woods, as their knowledge of woodcraft is so high; Mr. Beal, however, tells of how, on one occasion, he was so completely lost that he even doubted his compass.

"It was in the great pine forest of Calcasieu Parish, Louisiana," he said. "I was detailed to make an estimate on two sections of timber and believed that this task could easily be accomplished in a day. Leaving the little station of Edgerley in the middle of the forenoon, I started out on the road to Mystic on my wheel, to look for the section corner where the wagon road and the section line crossed. My canteen was strapped on my wheel, but I carried no luncheon with me for the reason that I expected to finish the work in time to reach Mystic about two o'clock in the afternoon. As I was standing by the blazed tree which marked the section line, debating the advisability of leaving my wheel by the roadside, I noticed a two-wheeled 'jumper' approaching and found that it was occupied by the mail rider who was going on to Mystic. He strapped the bicycle to the back of the jumper and agreed to deliver it to the storekeeper at Mystic, and tell him that I would get in later, and that I would be mighty hungry, too! The work was easy until I started north. Then I found myself in a thicket of 'tie-tie' briers. The thorns of this vine are long and sharp, and when the unfortunate wayfarer once gets into a tangle of this kind he is sure to lose considerable blood.

"Although I was unable to make more than ten feet of headway in five minutes, I thought that the thicket was probably narrow and that a little perseverance would soon carry me through it. The first hour's fight with the tie-ties carried me only a quarter of a mile ahead, and every moment the tangle seemed to grow worse. The heat was terrible and, as that whole region had been suffering from a long and almost unparalleled drought, there was nowhere a drop of water to be found. Beds of streams and of swales which ordinarily were full of water showed only dry cracks. I thought I had known the pangs of thirst before, but the sufferings which I experienced that day were beyond anything I had even imagined. My mouth began to crack and my tongue to swell until I could scarcely shut my jaws together. To add to my torments, hordes of red-bugs and mosquitoes settled upon my flesh wherever it was exposed. Early in my struggles to escape the clutches of the tie-ties I had lacerated my hands and legs until they were streaked with blood.

"At half-past two o'clock in the afternoon my progress northward had been so slight and my tortures so great that I determined to set my compass eastward and strike back to the edge of the road. This was where I made my mistake, for in so doing I simply followed a long arm of the thicket that reached around to the eastward. When five o'clock came I was so maddened by thirst and exhausted by my struggles that I was really distracted and believed myself hopelessly lost. Then I conceived the notion that, from some cause, my compass had gone wrong, and as the foliage above me was so dense that it was impossible to make out the direction of a single tree shadow there was no way by which I could decide. Then I tried to collect my faculties and figure out the position into which my wanderings had led me. This brought to me a realization that in less than two hours I would be in pitch darkness and that I must make my escape before then or die in the woods—for it seemed utterly impossible that I could endure through the night the pangs of thirst which were each moment growing more and more excruciating.

"Finally I summoned strength enough to beat my way ahead through the brambles. Suddenly the network of ties ceased and I was clear from the clutches of this pest. But I was scarcely able to realize my deliverance because of my awful longing for water, and of my exhaustion, which amounted almost to total collapse. A glance told me that I had come out about a mile from the spot at which I had entered the woods in the morning. This was eighteen miles from Mystic and, as every creek in the country was dry, I despaired of getting water until I reached the settlement. This was a physical impossibility to me without the good fortune of a chance comer along the road to pick me up. However, I crawled painfully along until I came in sight of a ridge of land fringed with pine trees with bending tops. This would have meant nothing to the person untrained in woodcraft, but it put new vigor into my limbs for I knew it to be an unfailing sign of the presence of water. Reaching the ridge I looked off into a dried-up swale and in the centre of it glistened a little pool of water!

"Although, a few minutes before, I had been scarcely able to drag one foot after another, the sight of that pool made me leap and run. Reaching the water hole I threw myself into it and felt a most delicious sense of relief. With the greatest difficulty I restrained myself from drinking my fill, and only swallowed a little, for it was stagnant. After I had soaked in the pool for a long time I went back to the bank and scraped together a bed of pine straw. Nothing could have tempted me to go five hundred feet away from that water hole, and at frequent intervals throughout the night I went to it and refreshed myself. By dawn, however, I had sufficiently recovered my strength to push on to the little settlement of Mystic, where I secured the first food I had eaten since leaving Edgerley on the morning of the previous day. The inhabitants were astonished that I should have made my way through the great tie-tie thicket, which was held to be impenetrable save by the wild hogs which found it a refuge from the most daring pursuer."

A giant of Cypress Swamp

A typical Pine Wood cabin at which the timber cruisers "put up" while "land-looking"

No comment on the craft of timber cruisers would be complete without a reference to the unflinching integrity of the men who give their lives to it. I have never known of an instance in which a timber cruiser accepted a bribe for the falsification of his estimates; but I do know of one case in which a cruiser, who was dependent upon his earnings, not only refused a bribe of $10,000, but induced the man seeking to corrupt him to put the offer into writing. The agent fell into the trap and the faithful cruiser turned over to his employers the incriminating document!

The Chemistry of Soil

UNDOUBTEDLY, one of the most wonderful discoveries of modern chemistry has to do with the soil. It has been ascertained that the most barren land can be made rich simply by adding to it certain mineral elements which cost but little. On this basis it is estimated that the United States will be able eventually to maintain 500,000,000 people—more than one-third of the present population of the world. It is merely a question of supplying the requisite quantities of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash. The last two are readily obtainable at small expense, whereas the first may be supplied either by furnishing to the soil condensed nitrogen in the shape of slaughter-waste or nitrate of soda, or by planting clover, beans or peas, which have an affinity for nitrogen and absorb it from the atmosphere.

It is now known that nitrogen is the most important plant food, and inasmuch as this element composes four-fifths of the atmosphere the question is merely to absorb it into the soil. It has also come to be understood that only two per cent. of the material of plants is derived from the soil, the remaining ninety-eight per cent. being drawn from the air and from water. It has been learned that certain species of bacteria absorb nitrogen, and these may be propagated in moist earth, and the earth thus treated sprinkled over the land.

Tales of the Banker—The Guardian of the Nation's Currency

By James H. Eckels

A·E·R·

THE creation of the National Banking System, through the Acts of Congress suggested and fostered by Secretary Chase, introduced into the country's banking methods elements of very great benefit and far-reaching importance. The banks organized under its operation supplied a banknote currency as safe and sound as that which had been supplied by the first and second United States Banks in their best days, and avoided the political ground of objection thereto raised, of concentrating in very few hands tremendous financial power, closely allied with every movement of the general Government. The superiority of the national bank, in its currency issues, over the then state institutions issuing banknotes, was found in the fact that every note of the former was equal to the best of the latter, with no poor or discredited ones to be classed with the worthless state currency everywhere so abundant prior to 1861. The national banknote eliminated from use the periodical literature of the fifties which was the necessary accompaniment of state bank issues. The banknote reporters and counterfeit detectors of that period were always interesting and profitable reading. One of these reporters alone at one time had fifty-four hundred separate descriptions of counterfeit, altered and spurious notes, claiming to be the promises to pay of institutions extending from Maine to Florida, and as far west as Illinois. The bank officers of that day scanned the columns of the newspapers under the headings, "General Warning to the Public" and "Beware of Bank Swindles," as closely as those of the present do "News from Lombard and Wall Streets" and "The Grain Market."

It is not, however, in this direction alone that the best results of the National Bank Act have been wrought out. I am not certain but that within a reasonable time, under the improvement which was certainly evidencing itself prior to 1860, a sound state bank currency, perfectly safe and acceptable everywhere without discount and loss, would have been given to the public. But I am quite convinced that, without an added system to that of the state taking on the dignity of a national character, with one general method of business conduct and a centralized control, we could never have had the uniformity of action now apparent in all our banking institutions, irrespective of the statutory acts by which created, or that solidarity of interest and purpose which make them so necessarily powerful in the country's trade and commerce. The national bank thus formed this nucleus for uniformity and interdependence, the one upon the other, with the result and effect that business confidence was strengthened, business operations enlarged, and the check and commercial note made more important factors in trade and banking operations than banknote currency. The framers of the National Bank Act had the wisdom to create an office of supreme control in the interpretation and enforcement of its provisions. They gave expression to their desire in this direction by providing for the office of Comptroller of the Currency. The position is one of great dignity and of unusual authority and power, an authority and power which come more from assumption of rights on the part of the incumbent by necessity and inference than through any direct conferring of them by the National Bank Act itself.

Vast Power Vested by Implication

I was struck most forcibly when I went to Washington to undertake the duties of the Comptroller's office with two things: First, how little power there was vested in the office by direct legislative provision; and, second, how vast, despite this lack of statutory law, as a practical fact, that power really was. I readily found, however, that this added strength had come to the office by the voluntary and cheerful acquiescence of national bankers in all that was done, though outside of the strict letter of the law, looking toward the greater security of the system. Without this cooperation from the very first the whole fabric would have been of far less strength than it now is, and the results of far less import. The enforcement, to the letter, of the provisions of a law, enacted at a time when the undertakings of our business world were comparatively small and credits restricted, is now, with a larger commercial world and vaster dealings, quite an impossibility. I am sure that every one who has held the office of Comptroller has been confronted with the alternative of either making the results of the National Banking Act an advantage to the financial and commercial world, by interpreting much of it outside of itself, or of causing hindrance and loss to business by being a strict constructionist. It seemed to me the part of wisdom and in the best interests of the law always to try to do in an official way what the framers of the law would undoubtedly have provided for could they have perceived the emergencies which would arise in the future. I am quite certain such a rule is a fixed one in the Comptroller's office, for only through it could possibly have grown up an authority which no one now questions or wishes to curtail.

I found during the panic period of 1893 the utter futility of trying to carry out the provisions of the law in an inflexible manner when dealing with the question of bank reserves, especially in New York City. The associated banks of the Clearing House were compelled either to cause widespread disaster by attempting to maintain at all hazards the percentage of reserve required by law, or else to prevent such distress by disregarding the requirements of the law and infringing upon their reserves. I felt that it was an instance in which the circumstances did not warrant strictness, and therefore not only was I willing to have the requirements for a time disregarded, but I justified such a course. The matter afterward came to the attention of the United States Senate, under a resolution of inquiry introduced by Senator Peffer, of Kansas, who sought to make political capital by an assault on the banking interests of New York, which it was claimed were receiving especial favors at the hands of an officer charged with the administration of the country's banking law. After a general debate in which the Senators, as a rule, sanctioned what had been done, the matter was dropped. I had occasion afterward to discuss the discretionary powers of the Comptroller with the Honorable Hugh McCulloch, who was the first occupant of the office, and had successfully organized the Bureau. Mr. McCulloch was then living in Washington, and though past eighty years of age was vigorous in mind and strong in body. He had had a most interesting public career and a successful one. An impartial judgment passed upon his views and acts would rank him well up among the five greatest Secretaries of the Treasury. Mr. McCulloch's success as a banker in Indiana, and the soundness of his economic views, had attracted Secretary Chase's attention to him, and he was offered the office of Comptroller, notwithstanding the fact that prior to the enactment of the law creating it he had opposed the adoption of the measure. I recall with pleasure the cordiality of his manner and the enthusiasm manifested by him in speaking of the office, which he had taken at its inception and successfully started upon the course which has made it so potent a factor in a great nation's financial life.

The Hickory Cane a Lincoln Memento

Before entering upon a discussion of the various attributes attaching to the office of Comptroller and the powers vested in it, Mr. McCulloch told me an incident which is quite worth repeating. It came about from my making some passing remark to the effect that, despite his years, his walk was quite elastic enough to warrant his disregard of a very heavy hickory cane which he had in his hand. His reply was: "No, I do not really need this cane, but I have come to carry it from its historical associations. It is a reminder to me of the night when President Lincoln was assassinated and Secretary Seward all but murdered. I was just about to retire when word came to me that the President had been murdered and an assault made on the Secretary of State, who lived but a few doors below in what is now known as the Blaine house. Accompanying the message was word that the other members of the President's Cabinet were to be killed, and that I must be on my guard. I hastily redressed myself preparatory to hurrying down to the Seward mansion, and having in mind to protect myself if occasion required it, looked about for the best means at hand. The only available thing was a large hickory cane which stood in the hall rack, and taking it I went as rapidly as possible to the scene of the assault. I found everything in confusion, but finally, when matters calmed down, and it became evident that whatever assaults were to be made had already been made, I returned to my home. The cane that I then seized was this one which you see, and I have since that time made it a uniform practice to carry it with me." After relating this incident and discussing at some length his relations with the Cabinets of three Presidents, those of Presidents Lincoln, Johnson and Arthur, he having been Secretary of the Treasury in each, he took up and discussed most interestingly the growth of the power of the Comptroller. He said he had found, after the difficulty relative to the names which state banks could assume on coming into the national system had been disposed of, that there was a marked willingness upon the part of bankers to assent to every rule made by the office that insured more careful supervision and more strenuously safeguarded the system. Thus he had from time to time made regulations which were enlarged upon by his successors, until at present these office-created laws had apparently become as binding as those enacted by Congress.

I remarked upon two things which seemed to attach to the Comptroller's office more than to any other in the Treasury Department, both wholly productive of good to the service and the banking system. One was the general independence of the office from interference by Presidents and Secretaries of the Treasury, and the other the apparent freedom from political bias in the administration of the office. These things, he said, had come about from a general recognition of the intention on the part of Congress to make the office independent of all save itself, as shown in requiring its incumbent to report direct to Congress, and in extending the term of office to a year beyond the Presidential term, without danger of removal except on charges filed with the Senate and impeachment proceedings then had. Secretary Chase, Mr. McCulloch stated, very readily recognized the peculiar status and needs of the office so far as independence, political and otherwise, is concerned, and from that time until this the Comptroller has been supreme within his own province. How much all this means none know so well as the bankers themselves, for with the office made a mere political dependency, seeking to introduce politics into its operations for personal or party advantage, incalculable harm would be done to many interests.

A Famous Author as a Treasury Clerk

I heard, too, at this interview what I had already read, of the time when Mr. John Burroughs, the charming writer on Nature, came to Mr. McCulloch an unknown and friendless young man, and sought a clerkship in the Comptroller's office, saying that he had no recommendations to present except himself. That indorsement was quite enough, and he entered upon his duties, discharging them all with signal fidelity, until he found it better to leave his place to enter upon a field more congenial to his artistic and poetic temperament. Four years ago, on the day preceding President McKinley's inauguration, a kindly, white-haired and white-bearded gentleman came into my office, stating he felt quite at home in it, as he had worked in the Bureau under the eye of Comptroller McCulloch. My visitor was the same Mr. John Burroughs, whose grace of fancy, displayed in prose and poetry, was not less manifest than his dignity of manner and conversation.

I did not know Mr. Hubbard, who succeeded Mr. McCulloch, and Mr. Knox had died before my going to Washington, but I enjoyed an acquaintance with Comptrollers Cannon, Trenholm, Lacey and Dawes, all of whom have aided in maintaining the best traditions of the office.

The Comptroller's office presents little that is of a routine character. It is less routine in its duties than any governmental position I know. Every case which comes to the Comptroller's attention is one that must be dealt with individually, being judged by its own facts and peculiar circumstances. When it is remembered how large, as a rule, is the money value involved in a bank's transactions and how ramified are its operations, it is evident that much of care and judgment must be used in the exercise of the powers vested in the incumbent. As I now recall it, there are more than 4000 banks in the national system, representing an aggregate of wealth amounting to more than four billions of dollars. All these institutions and this vast sum are within the immediate jurisdiction of the Comptroller of the Currency. It is within his office that these banks are organized; it is by the representatives of his office they are examined; and it is through his office they are controlled. The Comptroller can at any time examine into a bank's condition, and if, in his judgment, it is insolvent, he can close its doors, and there is no reversal of his decision. He can also at any time levy an assessment to make good what he deems an impairment of the capital stock of the bank. I remember once closing a bank in Tacoma, Washington, through orders issued to an examiner there. The officers of the bank denied the right which I had exercised, which led me immediately to appoint a receiver. On an appeal to the United States District Court for an injunction to restrain the Comptroller and his agent from taking possession, the Federal judge, with the announcement that there seemed to be no end to the powers either vested in the office or assumed by the incumbents thereof, declared he could grant no relief, and the bank was wound up.

There is no little difficulty attaching to all this necessity for the exercise of judgment. It is very hard to determine, in many instances, what ought not to be done in the case of banks which seem to be in a precarious condition. No institution is quite so sensitive to public distrust and rumor as a bank, and nothing so much disturbs the general business

Editor's Note—The Tales of the Banker will be continued, at brief intervals, in future issues.

conditions of a community as a bank failure. It is because of this that every effort is put forth to save a bank before finally giving it up as hopeless. In short, the Comptrollers, in the past, have always taken chances, and, I imagine, in the future they will continue to do so, by giving a bank the benefit of every opportunity to live before passing the death sentence upon it, and carrying that sentence into immediate effect. By such a course they have at times drawn to themselves more or less criticism, but they can rest content in a knowledge of having saved more than ten banks by leniency and counsel to every one which has been lost thereby. Those lost, as a rule, have been those in which some latent dishonesty, unsuspected in the management, has finally developed. I found the rule of leniency peculiarly necessary during the years of 1893 and 1896. From May to August of the former year one hundred and sixty-five banks closed their doors, a number almost equal to the total bank failures within the preceding thirty years, and yet these failures were nothing as compared with the number which would have gone out if chances had not been taken, and every known means of saving resorted to in order to prevent collapse.

Of the banks that did come into the Comptroller's hands at that time more than one hundred were reopened to resume and continue successfully. Only a few of the many which came to the verge went over, the vast majority going on to a sound and safe basis. I remember two instances of banks of very large proportions in which heroic measures were resorted to in order to save life, against the suggestions of some who thought the risk too great to warrant the undertaking. Both were located in the Northwest and had enjoyed most excellent reputations, but being loaded with notes depending for value upon unprofitable and unsalable real estate, were almost without capital, and were daily being crowded for available funds. In one instance the bank was closed temporarily, and a million of its capital was charged off, together with three hundred thousand of an accumulated surplus. It was advised that the wisdom of the situation was to let it die, but the bank was reopened, and a fifty per cent. assessment made upon the remaining capital, and it has become an institution of great merit, thoroughly well officered and sound in every particular. In the other case, the institution did not close its doors, but instead stood up under a first assessment of five hundred thousand dollars, and a second one of three hundred thousand, besides wiping out its surplus. It did not fail, but now ranks with the best banking houses of the country, with many millions of deposits; it has a fine clientage and is on a safe dividend-paying basis.

The Trying Conditions of the Year 1896

The conditions of 1896 were more trying than those of 1893, for no one knew exactly what would be the result if the free coinage of silver theory were approved of by the voters of the country. During the period immediately prior to the election, in almost every important financial centre one or more banking houses was hard pressed. A strict construction of the provisions of the Banking Act would have sent them to the wall, and with their failure would have been widespread panic. Forbearance and liberality saved all but one or two, where salvation proved to be impossible.

I have gone into this phase of the responsibilities attaching to the Comptroller's office for the reason that here and there comes an insistence, at the time of some conspicuous bank failure, that the Comptroller has been derelict in his duty in not at once causing the institution to fail, instead of exhausting, before so doing, every means known. If the rule of strict construction were followed, receivers would be more numerous and business conditions more often disturbed.

Another thing which makes difficult the discharge of the duties of the office rests in the fact that the Comptroller's judgment is always the result of examinations not made by himself personally, but by appointed agents who examine into the affairs of the various banks and report thereon. Thus his information is largely second-hand, and though the office has always been fortunate in having, in the majority of cases, the benefit of most excellent assistants, there is sometimes wanting that element of personal knowledge so essential to a proper decision of the case. I do not know of any governmental subordinate position which requires more of high character and impartial judgment, combined with absolute personal honesty and integrity, than the position of National Bank Examiner. A National Bank Examiner has in his keeping the secrets of the bank which he examines, on the one hand, and the reputation, to a large extent, of his superior officer, on the other. It is to be said to the credit of the corps that they have guarded with jealous care the interests of both, and enjoyed the confidence of bankers and Comptrollers. I have known of but two or three instances where examiners have been dismissed for disgraceful conduct. There was one who took money from a banker and reported the bank all right; it soon failed, showing complete robbery by the president; another, after a long connection with the Examiner's office, was dismissed after the development of criminal proclivities.

The Singular Case of the Western Youth

One rather singular case came under my immediate notice in connection with a young man from a Western city, who applied to me for the position of bank examiner for a Western district. He called at the office and presented a number of letters of introduction from some well-known men of his city, and made a most favorable impression. His occupation was editing a financial magazine, devoted mainly to banking matters of interest to the Pacific Coast. He had come East mainly to enlarge his banking acquaintance, and being a person of fine appearance, good address and excellent conversational powers, was well calculated to make considerable progress. It happened, at about the time of a second or third call, that I had occasion to appoint upon rather short notice an examiner to go without delay to a city in Washington, to take charge of a bank then in the hands of an examiner whose administration was not very satisfactory. I told my caller that if he could get assurances, from some persons that I knew, as to his ability, integrity and fitness, I would send him to the bank. He appealed to one of the then United States Senators from the West and some prominent men, all of whom spoke well of him. Upon all the facts I could gather the appointment seemed a fit and proper one, and I made it, and the new examiner went to his assigned duty, where he entered upon his work, and so far as I learned did it all very well. The office received no complaint at any time, but, instead, words of commendation. Some two or three months later a national bank failed, and the appointment of a receiver became necessary. My new examiner at once applied for the position, and out of a number of others he was selected. In the meantime he had backed up his record made in the department with additional strong indorsements bearing upon the question of his character and fitness for the new place. The contest for the place had been very severe and bitter, and within a month after the receivership was under way rumors reached me that there was something wrong with the past history of the receiver, and it was suggested I might hear something to my advantage if I should write to the warden of a certain State penitentiary. I at once proceeded to do so, and to my utter amazement found it was claimed that the man had served, two years before, a year's sentence for forgery. In order not to do the man an injustice I brought the charge to his attention, and with some explanations he admitted the truth of it, but pleaded that since that time he had lived a most exemplary life, and ought not now to be again disgraced.

From the facts, as I gathered them, it appeared that he had some two years before reached the city, and on the day of his arrival had committed the forgery; he was immediately arrested, and the next day pleaded guilty and was sent to the penitentiary. No one knew him in the city, and on his release he returned to it, and after doing some newspaper work, established a financial journal, married into a respectable family, and gained the confidence and good will of all with whom he came in contact. Thus it happened that many prominent men very readily gave him their indorsement. When a knowledge of what he had done became public property I was appealed to on every hand not to dismiss him, but to leave him in his position in order to demonstrate that when a man had once committed a crime and had then regained a position his past act should not forever stand as a bar to his rising.

The President's Shrewd Advice in the Matter

I wanted much to do the thing that would show in a public way that a man might win back a place in society and public esteem if he set about it in earnest and with the purpose to do so. I talked the matter over with the United States Senator, who thought it would be worth while to do it, and that the element of risk was very small. Before coming to a definite conclusion, however, I deemed it wise to review the case with President Cleveland. I found he already knew of it.

President Cleveland quite agreed that if it was the man's only offense, and his life had been thoroughly exemplary before and since its commission, society would not be injured but rather aided by knowing that while crime was to be abhorred and punished, such punishment should not form a perpetual bar to a better life and to encouragement to success. He suggested, however, the importance of knowing that this was the only offense, particularly in view of the fact that the crime for which the punishment had been inflicted was one against the country's banking law, and the place desired had to do with the enforcement of such laws. I acted upon the suggestion of making a thorough investigation of my receiver's past, and to my disappointment, not to say disgust, found that from a home with good surroundings and influences he had gone out into the world to develop into a forger. I at once, on ascertaining this, accepted his resignation.

Sunday Afternoons

By Joe Lincoln

FROM the window of the chapel softly sounds an organ's note.
Through the wintry Sabbath gloaming drifting shreds of music float.
And the quiet and the firelight and the sweetly solemn tunes
Bear me, dreaming, back to boyhood and its Sunday afternoons:

When we gathered in the parlor, in the parlor stiff and grand,
Where the haircloth chairs and sofas stood arrayed, a gloomy band,
Where each queer oil portrait watched us with a countenance of wood,
And the shells upon the whatnot in a dustless splendor stood,

Then the quaint old parlor organ with the quaver in its tongue,
Seemed to tremble in its fervor as the sacred songs were sung,
As we sang the homely anthems, sang the glad revival hymns
Of the glory of the story and the light no sorrow dims.

While the dusk grew ever deeper and the evening settled down,
And the lamp-lit windows twinkled in the drowsy little town,
Old and young we sang the chorus and the echoes told it o'er
In the dear familiar voices, hushed or scattered evermore.

From the windows of the chapel faint and low the music dies,
And the picture in the firelight fades before my tear-dimmed eyes,
But my wistful fancy, listening, hears the night wind hum the tunes
That we sang there in the parlor on those Sunday afternoons.

The Cost of Registering Mail

MANY persons used to refuse to avail themselves of the privilege of registering their letters, on the ground that to do so was to advertise the fact that a missive was worth stealing, while, if it were actually stolen or lost, the Government would pay no compensation to the loser. Two years ago an appropriation of $6000 was made to provide an insurance fund.

This amount had been asked for by the Post-Office Department in the belief that it would not much more than cover the indemnities demanded in a year. The Department was agreeably surprised when, at the end of the first twelvemonth, only $154.03 was found to have been paid out on this account. Thus it appears that the adoption of this system of insurance has cost the Government very little, while encouraging many people to register their letters and packages.

He seemed to think me somewhat insane, and said in a soothing, fatherly kind of way: "You come back day after to-morrer!"

The Diary of a Harvard Freshman

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

THE EPISODE OF THE CUBAN DESERTER

LOOKED at in one way, it was a humiliating thing to have happen; but on the other hand, after it was all over I was able to derive considerable satisfaction from the fact that I hadn't lost my presence of mind. The remarks I overheard as I lay on the floor of Memorial were anything but reassuring. I realized that in the scrimmage for the rose I had been submerged in china, glass and cutlery—that some of these things had severed one of my arteries and that the worst might happen. Of course I was very much frightened at first, and it was then that I tried to get up; but after they restrained me I sank back and began to think of poor mamma. I was on the point of asking for writing materials, but on remembering that an accident of this kind is always attended by a sort of dreamy weakness, I became—actually—so languid that I recall telling myself that it would be of no use—I shouldn't have strength with which to write even if a pen were thrust into my hand. So I went on thinking about mamma until suddenly a man with a pointed beard (I have since learned he was a medical student who happened to be dining with some friends at Memorial) dropped on one knee beside me and with rapid, skillful fingers began to open my shirt. Then he stopped very abruptly and with the most disgusted expression I ever saw, turned toward the light and examined his fingers. After which he got up, brushed the dust from his knee and said in a loud, peevish voice:

"Tell that child to get up and go home and wash the cranberry-sauce off his face and neck, and put on clean clothes;" which I did as quickly as possible, without even waiting to say good-by to Duncan.

They don't call me "Tommy Trusting" any more. It became "Cranberry" for a day or two, then it was shortened to "Cranny," and now it's "Granny"—"Granny Wood." Berri says that it has a ring of finality to it, and that I'll never be known by any other name.

Since the great game (I don't believe I've touched upon the great game) the college seems to have settled down once more to an every-day sort of existence, with the Christmas holidays looming up now and then in letters from home. (As I was going out this morning the postman met me at the gate and gave me four letters with the Perugia postmark. It's funny how my feelings toward that poor man vary. When he hands me letters from home I think he's one of the nicest-looking persons I ever saw, but when he doles out bills he seems to have a hard, cynical expression that I hate. I meet him at the Holly Tree occasionally, where he goes to snatch a nourishing breakfast of coffee and lemon pie.)

I haven't alluded to the great game for several reasons—the chief one being that (as Berri says when people explain why they didn't pass certain exams.) "I dislike post-mortems." I suppose it might have been, in various ways, a more distressing event than it actually was. The seats, for instance, might have collapsed and killed all the spectators; there might have been a railway collision on the way down; there might have been an earthquake or a tidal-wave. That none of these things happened is, of course, cause for congratulation—if not for bonfires and red lights on Holmes' Field. It is always well, I suppose, to have something definite to rejoice over. The long trip in the train back to Boston after the game, with every one hoarse and tired out and cross and depressed, was—but I had determined not to mention it at all.

Poor Duggie. I knew it nearly killed him. He has tried to refer to it philosophically and calmly in my room once or twice since then; but he never gets very far. He knows what he wants to say and ought to say, but he's so intimate with Berri and me that I don't think he altogether trusts himself to say it. I imagine he finds it easier to talk to comparative strangers. I was afraid at first that Berri was going to find in the subject a sort of inexhaustible opportunity for the exercise of his genius for making people uncomfortable; but instead of that, I've never known him to be so nice. For the first time he has allowed himself to show some of the admiration for Duggie that, all along, I've felt sure he really has, and Duggie appreciates his delicacy—although in one way it grates on him almost as much, I think, as if Berri were just as he always is.

The other day mamma said in one of her letters: "I often wonder how you spend your days; just what you do from the time you go out to breakfast until you go to bed at—I hesitate to think at what o'clock." So when I answered her letter I tried to put in everything I did that day and here it is:

8:30 A. M. Woke up in the midst of a terrible dream in which a burglar was pressing a revolver to my temple—and found that beast Saga standing by my bed with his cold, moist nose against my cheek. I threw shoes at him until he ran away yelping, which hurt Berri's feelings and made him very disagreeable to Duggie and me about the bathtub. He said we ought to let him have his bath first—as it took him so much longer! And seemed very much annoyed when we failed to appreciate the force of the argument.

9:15. Breakfasted at the Holly Tree. Berri came with me, as he said he disliked last chapters, and it was Mrs. Brown's day for concluding her great serial story entitled "Corned Beef." At the Holly Tree we found Mr. Fleetwood, who hid coquettishly behind a newspaper when he saw us coming and exclaimed:

"Go away—go away, you unreverend, clever boy. You—you!" he added, shaking his finger at Berri. "I don't mind the other one—the little one," he went on when we had hung up our coats and hats and went over to his table, "but you have 'a tongue with a tang;' I shan't ask you again to my Wednesday Evenings." Of course this was perfect fruit for Berri, who sat down at once and implored Fleetwood with tears in his eyes to tell him what he had done, and begged him not to blight his (Berri's) career at the outset by denying him admission to the Wednesday Evenings. He vowed that he felt ever so much "older" and "broader" and "thoughtfuller," and all sorts of things that he never in the world will feel, just for going that once. But Fleetwood pretended not to listen to him and went on reading the paper—interrupting Berri every now and then with, "Viper—Viper!" or "Serpent—Serpent!" I think he really likes Berri immensely, but is shrewd enough to know that he never can get at him by being serious. We had a very jolly breakfast, and Berri left declaring that he wouldn't rest until he had induced some famous man to step on his feet.

"Then I'll be a lion myself and I shan't go to your Wednesday Evenings—no matter how much you ask me," he said. At which Fleetwood held his head with one hand and waved toward the door with the other, moaning:

"Go away—go away, both of you! You've caused me to drink four cups of tea without knowing what I was doing. I think you want to drive me mad."

10:30. Neither of us had a lecture until eleven o'clock and were looking at some new books in a window on the Square when Hemington appeared. He touched us on the shoulders in a confidential way, and then, looking furtively at the people who were waiting nearby for a car, lowered his voice mysteriously and asked us to go with him to his room.

"I have something over there that I don't mind letting you in on," he said; "only you mustn't speak of it; it might get us into a deal of trouble with the Government."

This sounded rather exciting, so we hurried to Hemington's room without talking much on the way over, as Hemington didn't communicate anything further, and we, of course, couldn't help wondering what he was going to show us.

When we got into his study he gave a peculiar rap on his bedroom door, and out came a strange-looking little person—short and plump, with black curly hair and big black eyes and a sallow, almost dusky skin. A bright red handkerchief knotted loosely around his neck gave him a picturesque—a tropical air, that, considering we were in Hemington's prosaic study in Stoughton Hall, thrilled us from the first.

"This is Amadéo," said Hemington. (Berri is taking Spanish I., and I think he enjoyed as much as anything pronouncing the name in a deep, rich, careless sort of way; he hauled it in every other second.) "It's all right, Amadéo," he went on, for although Amadéo smiled a most beautiful smile full of very regular and dazzling teeth, he turned to Hemington with a look intended to express inquiry and misgiving: "you can trust these men; they are your friends."

At this Amadéo flashed his teeth again and kissed Berri's hands. Berri looked exceedingly shocked, and I craftily put mine in my pockets.

"He's a deserter," Hemington explained hastily; for Berri began to rub his knuckles with a handkerchief. Amadéo looked hurt and there was a moment of embarrassment all around. "He escaped from a merchantman that got in a few days ago from——" (As I don't take Spanish I., it's impossible for me to give the luscious name of the island that Amadéo's boat had come from. It sounded something like Santa Bawthawthawthoth.) "The skipper was a brute—a regular old-timer—and Amadéo couldn't stand it any longer. He and a pal swam ashore with all their worldly possessions on their backs done up in tarpaulins (they were fired at six times when they were in the water), and his possessions"—here Hemington lowered his voice and Amadéo glanced sharply at the door—"consisted of three or four hundred of the best cigars you ever smoked in your life. He got them at Santa Bawthawthawthoth, and as he hasn't a cent, of course he wants to sell them. He asks about a fourth as much as you have to pay for a perfectly wretched cigar at any place in town. They naturally didn't go through the custom-house and that's why you have to keep it all so quiet."

Amadéo went into Hemington's bedroom and returned with an oilskin bundle that looked like those round, flat cheeses you see under cages of green wire in grocery stores. He untied it (glancing apprehensively at the door from time to time and once clasping it to his breast when he heard a step in the hall outside) and discovered the smuggled treasure. I haven't begun to smoke yet, but Berri and Hemington each took a cigar, and after puffing away for several seconds Berri said his was simply delicious. It certainly smelled good, and I was very sorry I had to run away in a few minutes to my eleven o'clock lecture, for Amadéo began to tell of some of his experiences on the merchantman, and they were pretty fierce. Berri cut his lecture, and I should have done so if I hadn't been on probation. One of the penalties of probation is that you can't cut without an excuse that holds water at every pore.

11—12. Listened to a lecture—with experiments—on physics. The experiments didn't turn out well, and the instructor seemed much annoyed. I don't think he has the right idea. My experiments in the laboratory always give beautiful results. I find out first of all from the book what Nature is expected to do; and then I see that she does it. I'm one of the most successful little experimenters in the class.

12 M. Ran back to Hemington's room. Amadéo had gone, but Berri and Hemington had bought all the cigars. Berri had learned a lot of Spanish in my absence and could say "Amadéo" and "Santa Bawthawthawthoth" with almost as fluent a hot-mush effect as Hemington could. He packed his share of the cigars in Hemi's dress-suit case and we took them over to our house.

1 P. M. Went to luncheon at Mrs. Brown's, and tried to borrow a shirt from everybody at the table, but without success. Duncan Duncan asked me to a tea in his rooms this afternoon to meet his mother and sisters and some girls from town. I promised to go, but Miss Shedd, my washwoman, slipped on the ice and hurt herself and hasn't been able to do my clothes for more than two weeks, and I discovered this morning that there were no more shirts in my drawer. Berri or Duggie would lend me one, but Berri unfortunately hasn't any, either, as Miss Shedd does his washing, too, and of course anything of Duggie's on me is ridiculous. I wore a suit of his pajamas one night when I had a cold, as they're thicker than mine, and the shoulders hung down around my elbows. Well, nobody would lend me a shirt—for no reason in the world except that they realized I simply had to have one, and they thought it would be amusing not to.

While we were at luncheon Berri and Hemington gave every one two or three cigars, and Berri said knowingly: "I

A medical student dropped on one knee beside me and with rapid, skillful fingers began to open my shirt

wish you fellows would try these and tell me what you think of them. I happened to get hold of them in a rather odd way. I can't tell you how exactly—at least not for a few days. They're not the usual thing you buy at a store."

We went on talking and forgot all about the cigars until Berri, who is very sensitive to any kind of scent or odor, suddenly looked up and said:

"What a perfectly excruciating smell! It's like overshoes on a hot register, only much worse. What on earth is it?" At this the rest of us at the table began to sniff the air—and I confess it was pretty bad. Bertie Stockbridge had finished his luncheon while we were still eating and had taken his chair over to the window, where he was reading something for a half past one recitation and smoking one of Amadéo's cigars. He was too absorbed in his book to hear the rest of us, but all at once he looked up with a very pained expression and exclaimed:

"What a perfectly beastly cigar! I was reading and didn't notice how queer it was; it's [illegible] me very sick."

Then, of course, we all discovered at once where the hot rubbery fumes came from—all but Berri and Hemington, that is to say. They refused to believe it. So everybody began to light cigars, and in a minute or two the room was simply unendurable. Stockbridge said they were like the trick cigars you see advertised sometimes, the kind that "explode with a red light—killing the smoker and amusing the spectators." We dissected several of them, they seemed to contain a little of everything except tobacco. The fellows insisted on knowing all the details of the colossal sell, and although Berri and Hemington felt awfully cheap about their part of it, they finally told. Duggie says an Amadéo or a Manuele or a Luigi or an Anselmo appears in Cambridge every year at about this time and invariably returns to Santa Bawthawthawthoth laden with [illegible] gold.

1:25. Rushed home, got a shirt and took it to a Chinese laundry just off Mt. Auburn Street and implored the proprietor to wash it and have it ready for me by [illegible] o'clock. He seemed to think me somewhat insane and said in a soothing, fatherly kind of way:

"You come back day afdle to-moilel"

Then I explained the situation and told him I would give him anything he asked if he would do me this favor. He made strange Oriental sounds, at which [illegible] gibbering things tumbled out of a shelf behind a green calico curtain, and from a black hole in the partition at the end of the shop there began a tremendous grunting and snuffling, pierced by squeaks of rage and anguish. Then five Chinamen swarmed about my shirt, gesticulating murderously and uttering raucous cries like impossible birds. I wanted to stay and see how it all turned out; but the bell had rung for my half-past one o'clock and I hurried away.

The Oriental temperament is an impassive, deliberate, sphinxlike, inscrutable thing.

1:40—2:30. This hour I spent in class listening to a lecture on narration. I enjoyed it very much, and the hour went by so quickly that when the instructor dismissed us I thought he had made a mistake. He gave us short scenes from famous books in illustration of his points and ended, as usual, by reading a lot of daily themes written by the class. Two of them were mine. He said they were good, but pointed out how they could have been better. One of his suggestions I agree with perfectly, but I think he's all off in regard to the other. I'll talk it over with him at his next consultation hour. Some of the fellows thought the whole thing perfect drool; but I confess it interested me very much. I never feel like cutting this course, somehow.

2:30. Went to my room with the intention of reading history until it was time to go for my shirt and—if it were done up—get ready for the tea. I had only read part of a chapter when some fellows, passing by, yelled at my windows. I had made up my mind when I began to read not to answer any one, as it's impossible to accomplish anything if you do. But of course I forgot and yelled back, and in a minute three fellows clattered up the stairs and I realized that they were good for the rest of the afternoon.

It's a queer thing about going to see people here. I don't think that any one ever goes with the intention of staying any length of time or even of sitting down; you merely drop in as you're passing by and happen to think of it. You wouldn't believe it if somebody told you you were destined to stay for several hours. But that's what usually happens. Another queer thing is that very few fellows admit that they were studying when you come in—unless, of course, it's in the midst of the exams. If you find a man at a desk with a notebook and several large open volumes spread out before him, and you say to him, "Don't mind me—go on with your grinding," nine times out of ten he'll answer:

"Oh, I wasn't grinding; I was just glancing over these [illegible]."

The tenth man fixes you with a determined eye and replies:

"You get out of here, or take a book and shut up."

3:45. We all took a walk up Brattle Street, past the Longfellow house as far as James Russell Lowell's place and back. It's a great old street, even with the leaves all gone—which makes ordinary places so dreary. Duggie pointed out the most famous houses to me one day and told me who had lived in them. I tried to do it this afternoon but the fellows said they didn't care.

5:00. Got my shirt at the Chinaman's. It looked all right, but it was still damp in spots—wet, in fact. I went prepared to pay almost any price after all the excitement I had caused, but the proprietor was surprisingly moderate in his demands. I gave him something more than he asked but he wouldn't take it until I accepted some poisonous-looking berries done up in a piece of oiled paper. He seemed to have grasped the idea of a tea, for he kept saying over and over again with a delighted smile: "You go see girl—you go see girl!"

5:20. Went to Duncan's tea and "saw girl"—lots of them. They were very nice and pretended they were dreadfully excited at being in a college room. They asked all sorts of silly questions and the fellows replied with even sillier answers. Duncan had taken them to see the museums and the glass flowers and Memorial and the gym, and had done the honors of Cambridge generally.

6:30. Went to dinner at Mrs. Brown's, but as I had just come from Duncan's, where I had drunk two cups of tea (I don't know why, as I hate it) and had eaten several kinds of little cakes, I had no appetite whatever. Somebody had put a chocolate cigar on Berri's and Hemington's plate—the kind that has a piece of gilt paper glued to the large end. Berri and Hemington had to stand a good deal of guying during dinner, but were consoled by the fact that Amadéo's pal had worked precisely the same game on some other men we know slightly, at the very moment that Amadéo himself was doing it.

7:15. Went to my room and made a big fire, as I had a curious kind of a chill, although the house was warm, and it wasn't cold outside. I had just decided to stay at home and read when I came across an Advocate postal card on my desk and remembered that there was a board meeting at eight.

8—11. Listened to manuscripts and voted on them and then sat around and talked afterward. It's rather embarrassing sometimes when a story happens to be by one of the editors, and isn't good. This evening we had a long, terrible [illegible] passage from the life of a member of the board. We all knew who had written it, and although it was ever so much worse than the tale that had just been read (which had been most unmercifully jumped on), the criticisms were painfully cautious and generously sprinkled with the praise that damns. Of course it isn't always this way when the editors submit things; they're often made more fun of than anybody else. But this man, for some reason, isn't the kind with whom that sort of thing goes down. He has been known to refer to writing for the Advocate as "my Art."

One thing that happened during the evening made a good deal of fun. The advertisers have kicked about our not having the leaves of the paper cut. They say that the subscribers cut the leaves of the reading matter only and never get a chance to see the advertisements at all. We think it is ever so much nicer not to have it done by machinery, for when the subscribers do it themselves with a paper cutter the effect on the thick paper is very rough and artistic. Well, we discussed this for a long time, until some one exclaimed: "I don't see why we shouldn't have it done by hand. It would take a little longer, but the expense wouldn't amount to much, and in that way we could still have our rough edges and appease the advertisers at the same time." [illegible] some more talk it was voted on and carried unanimously. Then the president got up, and turning to a solemn person who had been very much in favor of the motion, said:

"It has been moved and carried that the leaves of the Advocate be cut, henceforward, by Hand. Mr. Hand, you will kindly see that the work is done on time. I think that there are only eight or nine hundred copies printed this year."

11:00. On the way home from the Advocate meeting I saw the most gorgeous Northern Lights I ever imagined—great shafts of deep pink that shot up from the horizon and all joined at the middle of the sky like a glorious umbrella. I ran upstairs to get Duggie and Berri, but neither of them was in, so, as I simply had to have some one to marvel with, I called Mrs. Chester. She and another old crone—"Mis' Buckson"—were having a cup of tea in the kitchen and didn't seem particularly enthusiastic over my invitation to come out and see the display, but they finally bundled up in shawls and followed me to the piazza. We stood there for a minute or two looking up in silence, and I thought at first that they were as much impressed as I was. Finally, however, Mrs. Chester gave a little society cough and remarked:

"It's real chilly, aren't it?" And Mis' Buckson, drawing her shawl more tightly about her bent shoulders, jerked her chin in an omnipotent, blasé kind of fashion toward the heavens and croaked:

"That there's a sign o' war." Then they both hiked back to the house.

11:30. Made a big blaze in the fireplace, as I was cold again and didn't feel well at all. I sat down to write to mamma and was just finishing when Duggie came in on his way to bed. He's not in training now, and can stay up as long as he pleases. He asked me how often I wrote to mamma, and I told him that I had written twice a week at first, because there was so much to tell, but that now since things had settled down and I didn't have so much to say, I wrote about once a week. He answered that there was just as much to say now as there ever was, and told me to write twice a week or he'd know the reason why. Then I went to bed and had a chill. And that's how a day was spent from half-past eight in the morning until half past twelve at night.

The next morning I woke up with a very bad sore throat and a stiff neck and pains all over. Duggie and Berri made me send for a doctor and signed off for me at the office.

Editor's Note—The next installment of The Diary of a Harvard Freshman will appear in The Saturday Evening Post of February 16.

Queer Affinities in Names

THE mysterious affinity sometimes existing between a man's name and his trade is a peculiarity often noticed by those who have to do with business directories.

A Canadian town boasts of an undertaker named Death, and in an English town the firm of Foot & Stocking manufactures hosiery. In another town in England Mr. Toe is a shoemaker and Mr. Heel a clogmaker. Philadelphia has several lawyers named Law, one named Lex, and one Judge. Among the teachers in a well-known boys' college preparatory school the music master is a Professor Scales; and it follows as a matter of course that in a Western town Mr. Corner is a broker and Mr. Pie a pastry cook.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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EVEN the Weather Bureau makes mistakes and has to admit them the next day; but the gentlemen who are dealing out prophecies for the Twentieth Century probably feel safe in that they will not be around when their predictions fail to come to time.

GENERAL CHAFFEE was obliged by the considerations of military etiquette to modify his language about loot and looting. But modification could not change either the facts or the crimes, or rub out any of the stain on the record in China. It is a matter of supreme satisfaction that the American troops took no part in the robberies.

WAR is not a gentle business. The banishment of the Boers to St. Helena was a hardship. Now General MacArthur has deported certain Filipinos to Guam, a low, unhealthy island where living is a great deal less pleasant than on St. Helena. The British have a good opening now to return some of our criticism.

CONGRESSIONAL mileage is at the rate of twenty cents a mile, and the delegate from Hawaii gets a cool thousand dollars for the 5000 miles between Honolulu and Washington. This suggests the fact that when the Philippines, with their eleven millions of population, send Congressional delegates there will be fine financial opportunities for the statesmanship that travels on passes.

WAR clouds and the dogs of war have figured in the European dispatches for a quarter of a century, and especially in the past decade. Chief among the writers of them has been M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the London Times, and in many respects the most successful and most brilliant of Continental journalists. He seems to have a private collection of war clouds, and his dogs of war can bark the loudest of all. Thus we have him again: "For my part, I believe that the twentieth century will witness numerous and terrible wars throughout the entire globe. In the centre of Europe I see war break out on the morrow of the death of Francis Joseph." And it has been only two years since the Peace Conference met at The Hague!

THOUGH Lord Roberts was given a great welcome home, things happened while he was en route that dulled the fine edge of popular enthusiasm and made his dukedom, bestowed upon him in the first flush of victory by a grateful press, shrink to an earldom. To that the Queen, with a solemn humor worthy of Mark Twain, attached a "remainder," a term which, in its legal sense, means that the title can be handed down to a daughter in default of male issue. But in the case of "Bobs" it has a special literal significance. For though the South African war has officially been declared finished, the Boers are doing a little ex-officio fighting.

MINISTER WU TING FANG, fearing an outbreak of American humor in which, [illegible] has seen on the sporting pages of our best newspapers, has evidently decided to say nothing more about the reform of the Chinese religion until he returns to China.

The Craze for Abolishing Things

IT IS happily impossible that the world will ever reach that dead level of dreariness where those who clamor for the abolition of something or anything or everything will find their occupation gone. Even the ideal community of the socialists' fancy will have its ex-millionaires demanding its destruction. But however society may be in the Twenty first Century, its present condition furnishes abundant opportunity for the people who make a business of not liking things.

There are the regulars, who demand the abolition of an established order, because of abuses existing in its practice. And then there are the irregulars, so to speak, who yelp at the thing which happens to be passing or run with the pack for sheer love of the sport. We have Richard Le Gallienne overturning the social fabric with a single graceful gesture, demanding the Abolition of the Capitalist, and shouldering off the problem on a century which is going to be very busy if it finishes up the work already cut out for it by a sanguine press. There is, too, a contingent that would wipe out the Senate, its dignity, its courtesy, its apollinaris lemonade and . . and there is another body of determined gentlemen who make no effort to conceal their aversion for the Supreme Court and their earnest wish for its permanent resignation.

It makes no difference that even our Yankee inventiveness has discovered no cheap substitute for capital; or that the Senate has on occasion proved a rather useful member of the Government; or that the Supreme Court has not always turned a deaf ear to our national troubles. They want the whole thing abolished, the good with the bad. These lightning reformers we have always with us, just now the irregulars are busy. They want the Government to wipe out West Point, from Commandant to Cadet, because certain abuses exist there.

It will be a fair day's work for the world when West Point and every institution like it is abolished, but that day will come only when the conditions that called it into existence are removed, when that final military order, the order for disarmament, is issued from the headquarters of the nations. Until then we shall have our cadets. On the whole, they are boys to be proud of, but after all, they are only boys, with a fair share of boy nature when the moment of relaxation and reaction from rigid discipline comes. And it is fair to assume that mixed with youthful carelessness and thoughtlessness they have the right minded boy's sense of honor and love of fair play that, properly appealed to, will end any abuses to which the iron code of custom, even though a foolish one, has bound them.

But while the Republic is so busy in the Philippines—if we could only abolish them!—and Americans have jaded palates, we are not going to do away with either cadets or tabasco sauce. The right thing is to keep them apart and to use each in its proper place.

Do Mental Gymnastics Make Strong Men?

THE authorities at Harvard University are at present soliciting opinions from the alumni with regard to the elective system. In the field of what is called secondary education and in primary and kindergarten work a similar spirit of inquiry is active. Probably never before in the world's life have so many keen minds been directed to the improvement of methods of teaching and systems of education.

Obviously this is a good thing as far as it goes. The layman, however, is constrained humbly to inquire what the end of it all will be. He has the case of John Smith in mind. John Smith was one of the first of the kindergarten children. His budding intelligence began to unfold in a primary school, permeated with the doctrines of Froebel. Thence he passed to a "modern method" boarding-school, and later spent four years, guided by wise minds, among the alternative paths of the elective system. At twenty-seven or thereabouts, after five years' drifting through existence, for the first time a view of himself in perspective with other people and things began to dawn upon him. "If this is I," said he, "what a deplorable thing it is," and thereupon he began to educate what he had thus newly discovered.

In John Smith's opinion, the elective system is superior to the prescribed course. It possesses at least a great negative advantage in that it deprives the student of his right to feel indignant at being compelled to bow to masters whom he had no voice in choosing.

But at most it afforded nothing to John Smith but the opportunity of loading himself with abstract information, and the consequences of loading up in such wise which were manifest in the "bright boys" of his class made him eschew abstract information with a wholesome fear.

John Smith's case is not universal, but it is representative of the average of the normal youth of the United States. It follows that a curriculum which fails, in a measure at least, to enlighten the student as to himself and the essential facts of human experience is defective. It is rather a series of mental gymnastics than a system of education, and its investment with the holiness of authority is the glorification of method. It is a good thing to follow Socrates and to turn to the rudimentary and specific when examining the nature of things. The professional educator might consider education in the Stone Age with profit. The youth of that period was taught to chip flint tomahawks and to hunt with them. He was likewise taught to ambush the young ladies of the neighboring community. By these exercises (and there was not much besides) he was trained to attain the highest good of the individual, a full stomach and enough wives. To fulfill his public obligations he was taught to kill off other tribes when occasion offered. The ends of education in this era were never obscure. When an end was conceived the means to secure it were applied simply and rationally.

Obviously this is the proper relation of means and end. To-day, however, the educational experts are working only to perfect methods; and the young man, who in theory is the subject of their labors, is left in ignorance of any good reason why he should be educated at all.

The manual training institutions and the professional schools explain and justify themselves, but no undergraduate in the process of being liberally educated is made to understand what liberal education means. And yet we all agree that liberal education is the most important and, in fact, the only true education.

This is why John Smith looks upon his college course as upon four years of a delightful and profitable social experience, but not as a period of education, so far as the curriculum is concerned. And if he is honest when he sends his son to college he will say: "My boy, come home in good health and respected by the men of your class and I shall be satisfied. To please your mother, it would be as well to take your degree."

If the reader by this time should have some curiosity as to what liberal education really is, let him apply to the wise men. A mere critic cannot be expected to instruct.

—DAVID GRAY

The Battle with Bacilli

IT IS a fortunate thing for the American public that it has, to a certain extent, freed itself from the traditional magic of print and no longer believes absolutely in the truth of any and everything which it reads in the newspapers.

If we are to believe the yearly crop of "scare articles" concerning germs, microbes and infection, we must not hang on car-straps, we must not kiss, we must not drink milk, we must not be shaved, we must not eat pork, we must not wash in hotel lavatories, we must not write telegrams with the pencils in the telegraph offices, we must not lick stamps, we must not use opera glasses, we must not shake hands with people until we know that they have been "sterilized," we must not telephone, we must not lean our heads back upon the seats of railroad cars, we must not go into swimming baths, we must not—but the list is interminable. A faithful obedience to instructions would paralyze every branch of human industry and stop every effort for pleasure; we should sit idly, swathed in antiseptic bandages, breathing a sterilized and purified air, while we waited for starvation or the crack o' doom.

Although it is not the scientific accuracy of these articles but their quality of lurid sensationalism which recommends them to newspaper editors, the lamentable truth is that they are for the most part true. Danger does lurk everywhere, and life does lie at the mercy of what seems mere chance. But what good comes of recommending to the public precautions which it is absolutely certain will never be taken? The medical man himself, after he has proved to you that each minutest step in life should be made safe by endless precautions, will admit that, after all, life is too short to be spent entirely in efforts to prolong it.

In other reforms the intermediate stages are not disdained. It seems, therefore, singular to the unscientific mind that so much is said about antiseptics and so little about cleanliness. In a good part of the places where danger lurks a more frequent visit of the scrubbing brush, soap and boiling water, or of the chamois skin and metal polish, would be a probable preventive and a possible cure. Cleanliness is not the same as disinfection; but it is an admirable and lovely thing.

Personal cleanliness is a side of the subject on which it is difficult to write. The slightest suggestion, even when the reproach is a general one and directed against the multitude, is apt to be taken by the individual as an insult. Let the matter be put with all possible politeness. Not so many people as one could wish are absolutely clean. Proof is impossible. Even discussion is rather out of the question. No one will deny, however, that the daily bath and the almost hourly wash should be considered necessities, and that the freshest, crispest linen should be, even for the poorest and humblest, stricken forever from the list of things called "luxuries." Then let the friends of disinfectants and antiseptics carry on their campaign with renewed ardor. The need will be less, but the public will be readier to listen.

—H. G. RHODES.

Straight Tickets and Crooked Officials

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, in an address delivered before the Reform Club of New York in 1888, said: "If parties will not look after their own drainage and ventilation there must be people who will do it for them, who will cry out without ceasing till their fellow-citizens are aroused to the danger of infection. This duty can be done only by men dissociated from the interests of party. The Independents have undertaken it, and with God's help will carry it through."

In municipal elections partisanship is now scarcely to be observed. Mr. Croker has stated that it is the "silent vote" which determines the fate of political candidates, but, after all, is it not really the independent vote?

The "vote-'er-straight" individual who can see no good in any class of men save those belonging to the political organization with which he affiliates, is rapidly waking up to his duty as a free and thoroughly sane American citizen. This throwing off of the party collar is a most hopeful sign. With silly political prejudice crushed and the mental vision of the people broadened to such an extent that they will vote in accordance with their honest convictions and not as partisanship demands, the Ship of State will surely be in safe hands.

Henceforth it behooves the party in charge of the nation's affairs, whatsoever its political creed, to keep faith with the people, for mere partisanship can no longer maintain it in power. It must rely upon the silent, independent voter, upon whose decision it will stand or fall.

—HERBERT BASHFORD.

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

Senator Francis M. Cockrell

How a Tossed Hat Won a Senatorship

If Senator Francis Marion Cockrell, of Missouri, lives to complete his fifth term in the Senate he will have equaled Benton in length of service, and, according to his admirers, will have surpassed the popular achievements of that Missourian

Born in 1[illegible], in Missouri, and graduating at Chapel Hill College in that State, he practiced law till the outbreak of the Civil War. Entering the Confederate Army, he served with distinction, and attained the rank of brigadier-general At the close of the war he resumed the practice of law, and in 1874 was elected to the United States Senate as the successor of Mr. Carl Schurz, and took his seat in 1875. He has several times been reelected, and his present term will end in 1905, making a continuous Senatorial service of thirty years

Senator Cockrell owes his political career to a defeat and to his magnanimous acceptance of it

Prior to 1874 he had never been a candidate for public office, and apparently had no political aspirations. Yielding to the influence of his associates, however, he became in that year a candidate for nomination for Governor. One of the most fervid contests ever known in Missouri politics resulted, and the excitement reached its culmination in the State Convention.

Mr. Cockrell was defeated by Mr. C. H. Hardin by one-sixth of one vote. His friends expected a graceful, but not cheerful, acceptance of the result. The prize so nearly won was probably lost forever, and they knew he must feel keenly disappointed.

But when the decisive ballot was announced, Mr. Cockrell sprang to his feet, threw ceilingward his gray slouch hat, and with a ringing shout that echoed among the Callaway hills, called for three cheers for the nominee

When the convention recovered from its surprise it gave the cheers, but they were for Mr. Cockrell. The convention cheered and cheered until he became its hero, and this popularity made him an invincible candidate for the United States Senate.

Mr. Ade and the Queer Parade

In the ways of the American city the author of Artie and Fables in Slang is regarded as an expert observer; but he recently discovered one place in which he showed himself as delightfully unsophisticated as the most innocent "lamb" that ever strayed to metropolitan haunts

One day, when Mr. George Ade was out walking with a guide in the naval quarter of Kioto, Japan, he observed coming down the street the head of a great procession. Interested at once, he paused to watch the procession pass. On they came, gaudy in apparel but grave in face, flaunting flags and great banners on which were Japanese inscriptions. The mournful chant which announced their approach was broken only when the kettle drums or tom toms were pounded or the cymbals clashed. As the weird and solemn procession approached, Mr. Ade uncovered and bowed his head reverently, it being his custom and settled principle invariably to show the highest respect for the rites and ceremonies of the peoples with whom he comes in contact. He is a firm believer in the doctrine, "When in Rome do as the Romans do" His face was very grave

The procession was long—nearly a block in length—but Mr. Ade remained uncovered during the entire time of its passing. Once or twice he glanced at the guide out of the corner of his eye. He thought he saw on the man's face a puzzled expression. Finally, when the procession had passed, he replaced his hat and addressed himself to the wondering guide

"Buddha?" he inquired

The guide looked more puzzled

"Shinto?" then asked Mr. Ade

"I do not understand," the guide finally said

"Was not that a funeral procession?" inquired Mr. Ade

A light began to dawn upon the guide's face He almost smiled as he replied

"No: tooth-powder!"

The Japanese, it seems, are rapidly learning American ways—even in advertising. A visitor to Japan may now see, as in some portions of America, almost every hillside plastered with advertisements. They are very enterprising and, as this incident indicates, one of the advertising methods employed is that of having a procession march through the streets

Madame Bernhardt's Prairie Prices

Few people of the many thousands who are now paying four dollars a seat to see Madame Sarah Bernhardt play in L'Aiglon are aware of the fact that the divine Sarah once played in Sullivan, Indiana, at thirty-five cents a head, but there are folks out Sullivan way who are still telling their grandchildren about it

It was not when Madame Bernhardt was taking her first steps in the profession she adorns, nor was it because she needed the money, that she gave this special performance at reduced rates. She was then, as now, the queen of her art, and that is why Sullivan, Indiana, did not come out of its trance for a week afterward.

It was many years ago and Bernhardt was making a tour of the country. On the way from Louisville to Indianapolis the train was stopped at Sullivan by the news that a serious freight wreck had occurred a few miles up the road, completely blocking the tracks, and making progress to Indianapolis impossible until the next day. In vain the manager stormed at the railway employees and warmed the wires with frantic messages to every one connected with the road, from the president down to the dispatcher. Nothing could be done. There was no other road that could be reached. Sarah was in despair

"Very well," said the manager at length, in excellent French and with forced calmness; "since we cannot leave town we will give a performance here

"Impossible," said Madame Bernhardt, also in French "Quite impossible

Not a bit," said the manager, and he went about it The divine Bernhardt, being under contract to play a certain number of nights, was induced to consent. There was no "opera house" in Sullivan, through some strange oversight of the man who laid out the town but the Masonic Hall was rented and some of the scenery was crowded into it. The local "job" office got out a lot of handbills in a hurry, and messengers were dispatched to the adjoining towns to spread the glad news that Bernhardt, the divine Sarah, was to play in Sullivan that night, and that admission would be thirty-five cents

"No use trying to charge metropolitan prices here" said the manager to the treasurer, and that gentleman signed and said he supposed not

In the early evening there began to come into town long lines of green farmer wagons, each holding a family party There were whiskers in town that night which had survived many a fierce storm, and their owners carried them up to the Masonic Hall and crowded in to see "this woman that the papers say so much about." When the house was full the great Bernhardt cautiously took a peep at it from behind the flimsy curtain.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she cried, raising her jeweled hands; "look at the Indians!"

But she played Fedora for them and she played it until eleven o'clock. As she played in French, and the university extension system had not then gained much of a foothold in Indiana, few of the auditors knew whether Fedora was a new game or something to eat. But Sullivan, Indiana, saw Bernhardt just the same, and that is enough glory for one generation.

Mr. Harmsworth, Wholesale Journalist

Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, the widely known London newspaper manager and owner, recently gave to an American friend the following outline of his principles of success.

"The world would be a very unsatisfactory place if there were a universal recipe for success. Each individual case requires individual treatment. But to combine breadth of view with concentration of effort seems to me the best advice I am able to give. The success of our publications is due to the fact that they strike out a line of their own and have been unbiased by other people's work, on your side of the Atlantic or our own. We have always thought that a vast amount of time is wasted in reading newspapers, and it has therefore been our effort to place everything before the public in the brightest possible way. The desire of the newspaper reader as of the traveler, is to get through as quickly and as comfortably as possible. The long articles, interviews, and other specimens of newspaper expansion to be found in most other newspapers find no place in our own journals."

Mr Harmsworth recently arrived in this country on a visit He is the proprietor of the London Mail, and, with his many brothers, the owner of a large number of periodicals, among them the new two-year-old magazine which has passed the seven-hundred thousand mark. Mr. Harmsworth has had to meet many difficulties, and is not ashamed that his beginnings were small. He has conquered by sheer force of intellect and will. Though an Englishman to the core, his methods, his measures, his victories are distinctively American

Whatever may be Mr. Harmsworth's opinion of young men when he is a hale old man of seventy, to day it is an opinion based on absolute confidence. For a time he is said to have enforced a rule that no man over twenty-one years of age should be taken on his staff, and there have been few exceptions to the general rule that he must have young men They develop under him, they grow to his ways and methods, and they enjoy a remarkable closeness of touch and sympathy with their chief.

Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth

In the splendid suite of editorial rooms in the Mail building on Carmelite Street, Mr Harmsworth is surrounded with all that great wealth can buy in the way of rare and beautiful things, but neither his money, nor his influential position, nor his power makes him other than a genial companionable whole-hearted man, loving a joke, keen to appreciate the good in others, generous to acknowledge it, and swift in his appreciation of the finer and better phases of life. One of his most intimate associates in a business way recently said that Mr. Harmsworth keenly appreciated the thrusts made at him by other periodicals, and that he laughed heartily at their sallies and ignored their bitterness

In person Mr. Harmsworth is not robust, but he has immense reserve nerve force. When he is in the harness he can work his eighteen hours a day with his most assiduous reporter or editor. He was planning a trip to America (for he is very fond of travel, and particularly fond of going to America) when the Transvaal trouble arose, but he would not leave England till the war was apparently over. One of the sports most enjoyed by Mr. Harmsworth is the [illegible] ing of Florida. He is devoted to his automobile, and takes daily rides in it in fine weather when at his country home

Mr. Harmsworth is very fond of animals and is particularly devoted to his pet dog, with whom he has had his photograph taken, as shown on this page

He is one of the most approachable men in the world. He hates a bore, but is cordiality itself to any one with whom he has social or business intercourse. One of his customs is to invite members of his staff to go out to his country place when he is not staying in the city, so that he may not only give them a respite from their work, but may come into closer touch with them. He is himself a most resourceful man, but eager to have others make suggestions to him and quick to accept and act upon them. An interesting token of the place his heart is in may be found in the fact that it is very easy for a regular employee to become, through his system of profit-sharing, directly, even if in a small way, interested in the business

Mr. Harmsworth's father was a barrister of note, and had a strong desire that the son should fit himself for the bar, but the passion for print was in his blood and he protested—protested so far, in fact, that he would not enter upon a Cambridge course. Before he was well out of the Stamford Grammar School he had started a school newspaper; this at the age of fifteen. From that time he has steadily been identified with the publishing and editing of periodicals, he and his brothers now issuing over thirty, covering many departments of life. The value of the publications is in the millions, while the profits are enormous. The first number of the first periodical of his own was issued a dozen years ago. It was made up in a small room which rented for sixteen shillings a week. A plain, cheap, board partition separated the editorial from the publishing department.

Here are two expressions of opinion from Mr. Harmsworth that quite adequately indicate the type of man he is

"I believe the public is a far better critic than is usually [illegible]

"I do not believe that any amount of advertising will keep up a bad thing"

This remarkable man, though not yet thirty-six years of age, wields an influence far beyond what can be expressed by pounds sterling marks

His fertility, his power in execution, in a word, his success, seem to be due to precisely the same characteristics that distinguish the successful young men of America. He is a good type of the English-American or the American Englishman, whichever way one may choose to word it.

Hon. W. B. Shattuc

The Real Value of Figures

Some of the big questions of the country have been so weighed down with figures that nine-tenths of the readers of newspapers and periodicals avoid them as religiously as if they were volumes of sermons

People do not like to bother with long rows of statistics and solemn deductions. That explains why so little is really read by the public on the great problem of immigration

Ask the average man how many different nationalities enter into the great American body and he will name you nine or ten. As a matter of fact, forty-one races are represented in the annual immigration to the United States

Ask the same average citizen how many immigrants arrived during the past hundred years, and he will give a wild guess, not knowing that they exceeded twenty-three millions, and that they are now coming at the rate of over twelve hundred a day

Ask him where the great increase is coming from and he will mention Northern Europe, not knowing that during the past fiscal year the Croatian and Slovenian races, the Hebrew, the South Italian, the Japanese, the Finnish, the Magyar, the Polish, the Scandinavian and the Slovak furnished 310,444 out of the 448 572. So figures may be interesting. They show us where we are increasing and how cosmopolitan we are becoming

Whether Uncle Sam expands over the world or not he will have within his own confines every nationality under the sun

The Attractions of Prosperity

Seeking money is the ruling passion of the world. Wherever it is to be found people rush to get it. Thus the increased prosperity of the country during the past year has brought many more people to our shores. Some may not understand why the facts of our welfare are so promptly realized by the laborers and peasants of the other hemispheres

The explanation is easy. Every steamship company has alert and active advertisers in all parts of Europe. Most of our great railroads have representatives abroad urging the people to come to the land of the free and the home of the brave. The facts of the nation's development are spread by cable, and there are temptations in the way of attractive posters setting forth in large type the vast wealth of the Republic

Take, for instance, a mechanic, who is doing mighty well in Europe if he is making, on the average, a dollar a day, looking at an announcement showing that he would receive at least three times or probably four times that amount in America. The bait is not temporary, but is dangled before him every day. Is it any wonder, therefore, that he takes his savings and bundles up his little family and makes the voyage across the sea?

And by the way, these savings amount to something. Last year the immigrants brought to the United States more than seven millions of dollars in money

Of course we send this much abroad quite often with the foolish American girl who buys a bankrupt title; but at the same time, in the balance of trade, seven million dollars is not to be despised

And seven million dollars represents a very small part of the value of the newcomers. Each citizen is worth on the average from $1000 to $1200, so that the money value of our new settlers last year, outside of the cash they brought, is at the very least several hundred millions of dollars. It would not be fair to compute them at the full average just yet; but most of them will measure up to it as time goes on.

The Work of Conscience

There would be a temptation to place the creed before the dollar as a cause for immigration did not the statistics stand in the way. But facts are facts. Most of those who come to our shores come to better their condition, to receive larger wages, to work fewer hours, to live happier lives.

"Publick Occurrences"

But there are other influences which send good people to our land. They began in other centuries when our ancestors preferred the freedom of conscience to all else on earth

Every year, even in these modern times, people from other countries, finding that their worship is not popular, or is barely tolerated, conclude to come to a country where religious convictions, if they conform to the ordinary laws of decent living, have nothing to do with one's standing in the life and politics of the land. This fact has brought many thousands of good people to the United States. Almost without exception these new settlers have proved most desirable additions to our population.

The Privilege of Traveling

The prophet of the future, speaking in Locksley Hall, declared: "And the individual withers, and the world is more and more." He saw a broadening of nations and humanity, which is one of the great facts of the new century. Nothing could better illustrate it than immigration. To-day, with very few exceptions, even the humblest man has the right to travel to any part of the earth, and to settle wherever he may choose

Yet it has only been about a hundred years since governments forbade immigration and used their police forces and armies to prevent it. President Hadley, of Yale, has expressed it as follows

"The mediæval governments feared that their military strength would be impaired, or that the emigrants would disclose the secrets of trade to other nations. This view was generally acquiesced in until the spread of republican ideas at the beginning of the nineteenth century. With freedom of commerce came also its natural corollary of freedom of travel and freedom of domicile. With the spirit of liberty came also the liberation of the serfs from bondage and the abolishment of chattel slavery. The climax was reached when the treaties of the United States declared it to be the natural and inalienable right of man to change his home and allegiance."

Immigrants Not on the Lists

Not all the people who come to this country to settle are officially known as immigrants. On the average more than a thousand persons of foreign nationalities, in addition to those classed as immigrants, every week arrive in this country. Their circumstances are far above those of the official immigrant. They travel in better style; they have more money, and they receive the consideration which is extended to passengers of the first class. They figure only incidentally in the official statistics of immigration

But they are in reality important factors in the increase of the country's population, and in the development of its fortunes and institutions. Many thousands of these buy our lands, become connected with our universities, take part in our industries, and at once become workers for the general prosperity and advancement of the nation

There is something fine in the contact of the highest civilization of Europe with the wider opportunities of the United States. We find it every day in all the departments of culture and of industry. Go through the colleges and you will greet men who have brought the splendid training of Europe to find a larger usefulness in America. Go through the mills and you will meet workmen who have mastered their trades on the other side of the earth, and who have crossed the ocean for the opportunities of the New World. The increase that comes to the country from this class of men and women cannot be officially estimated; but it amounts in money to hundreds of millions, and in practical efficiency to more than can be stated in figures

There is another thing to be said of this class of settlers. Many of them leave the Old World because they believe they can find a freer exercise of conscience and of principle in this hemisphere. Those who have the courage of their convictions to leave their homes almost invariably stand for the right wherever they may be. Thus it happens that as an offset to all the evils of immigration we have the sturdiness of those who believe in the right and who stand for it through thick and thin. More than one good cause in this country has been won by the individual support and vigor of this class of foreign citizens. As to some of the other classes—well, that is a different story

The Elimination of the Bad

A decade ago the immigration to this country was greater than it is to-day. For years the bars had been let down and all sorts and conditions found their way to the United States. Several countries unloaded their paupers upon us. Before that the overflow of the Chinese had produced a reaction in California and the Exclusion Act was the result. That, however, did not stop the evils, and from some of the most respectable workers of the country arose a protest against the unrestricted admission of European laborers. This found its expression in various legislative acts, and gradually the process of elimination has comparatively purified the stream of immigration.

In the last fiscal year, for instance, less than five thousand had to be debarred. The lines were strictly drawn, and all of those against whom there could be the slightest suspicion were excluded.

One powerful influence that checked the bringing of undesirable persons to these shores was the strong hand of the Government in placing the responsibility upon the steamship companies, and in compelling them to return to Europe passengers whom they had accepted while knowing that they were violating the immigration laws.

Hon. Boies Pe[illegible]

The Government Course in Cleanliness

At the main immigration station of the United States all immigrants are required to take a bath every day that they are detained by the authorities. So far as the Government is concerned it is determined to inculcate the importance of cleanliness. In the matter of godliness there is every facility, and clergymen of all denominations are welcome to receive and to help those that belong to their folds.

This one thing has a very decided effect upon the new citizens of our Republic. One of the most difficult things in Europe is to get a bath. The first thing taught the detained immigrant in this country is that he must keep clean, and this experience in itself carries a lesson which remains with him so long as he has a good conscience. It makes him feel better, and if there is genuine merit within him he keeps up the practice of bathing after he has escaped the authorities

The Southward Trend of Travel

If any decision of the Supreme Court this year or in years to come should remove the barriers between our new colonies and our own shores there need not be any very great cause for alarm. In the past twenty years more than 9,600,000 people have come to the United States; but of this large number only 103,000 have come from the tropics. Indeed the tropics have never sent us more than one per cent. of our immigrants, and during the past year the proportion was less than one per cent. What does this mean?

It is simply another manifestation of the almost universal fact that people living in warm latitudes do not seek colder ones. The trend of travel is not from the South to the North, but from the North to the South. People are seeking comfort. They do not want the hardships of a cold climate.

And thus it happens that by no stretch of the imagination, by no chance in the ordinary probabilities of things, will Boston ever become the Mecca of Filipinos any more than it has of the colored citizens who refuse to be lured away from Southern skies and the delights of warmer homes.

New Citizens from Japan and Italy

That, however, does not wholly state the situation. In the far East the Yellow races have hundreds of millions of surplus population. The exclusion of the Chinese, however it may be discussed on international or moral grounds, was, in the estimation of those competent to judge, a good thing for the United States

In any future incursion from the East the Philippines and Hawaii must of necessity become points that will have to be zealously watched. And that is the main anxiety to-day

Nor is that all. During the past fiscal year Japanese immigration increased 271 per cent. The Pacific Coast is now fearful not of the Chinese but of the Japanese, who are better workingmen, and who may provide a more dangerous competition if they [illegible] to come in such great numbers

In the East we have our own problem—that of the Italians, brought here under padrones to do heavy labor and to make rich the contractors who hire and own them. Watch them at work upon the new railroads or in the city trenches. See what muscles they have, see how sturdily they toil, admire their physical endurance. Then you will learn a fact that may not have appealed to you before, which is: of all the Latin races the Italians to-day have the most vigor and the best future. In the rough and tumble race of day-work they are holding their own in the face of the competition of the world. They have behind them the art and the culture. So when we see them in the streets may we not unite the two facts in a thought that something larger may come from them in the not far distant future?

Immigration is a subject of increasing importance in Congress, and the committees, of which Senator Penrose is chairman in the Senate and Representative Shattuc in the House, have serious problems to handle

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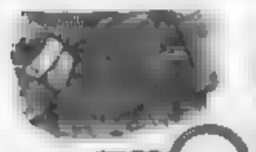

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Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

English Politics in Fiction

A few such books as Quisanté *(Frederick A. Stokes Company)* will change Mr Anthony Hope's position in the public mind from that of a popular to that of a distinguished author. Some of his readers will probably reproach him for not having written another Prisoner of Zenda, be angry with him for having deserted romance, and cease to be his readers. But it is always well to remember that before that celebrated story made its author famous he had published several admirable novels in a different vein, and that, in the same year in which Zenda saw the light, The God in the Car, the book which most nearly challenges comparison with this latest volume, was published. Of course a man who could invent such romances as the stories of Ruritania would have been made had he not written them. On the other hand, a novelist who could imagine so fine a study of character in modern English life as Quisanté would have failed sadly in his duty to the public had he not produced it. Both styles are his own; and one may hazard a guess that Mr. Hope thinks quite as highly of Quisanté as he does of The Prisoner of Zenda, and that in the future we are more likely to see him advancing along the present lines than to find him returning to the old romantic ones

If plot be thought essential to fiction Quisanté is a character study rather than a story. There is in it little incident—only a simply constructed framework upon which Mr. Hope builds up the history of a woman's heart. The book is named for a man, but it is essentially the story of Lady May Preston of how she came to marry Alexander Quisanté, of what marriage with him was like, and of why, after his death, although she had never loved him, his influence seemed so to surround her that she could be no one's else. Quisanté himself is a little difficult, even for Mr. Hope, to depict. He is a political genius, a man with the gift of oratory, with an unerring instinct for the right course in national affairs, a man whose "moments"—it is really for these that Lady May marries him—seem to lift both him and his hearers into the region of inspiration, almost prophecy; yet at the same time he is an "outsider," bizarre, vulgar, never quite honest. Lady May, to the consternation of all her aristocratic set, marries him in a kind of spirit of intellectual adventure. She glories in all the big things he does, she burns with shame for all the slipperiness and dishonesty of which he is guilty. She is often unhappy, but she never really regrets. It is hopeless to try to epitomize what Mr Hope can only do in many pages of unerring, clean-cut analysis. But one can record something of the admiration one feels for the sureness with which he gains his effect. Quisanté himself is at times a little shadowy; it is the big fault of the book. But his wife is a very living figure, known to the reader in every subtlety of emotion and thought

Complaint might come from some that the people in Quisanté have forgotten how to talk with the brilliant wit which marked the characters in Mr. Hope's earlier books. Indeed it is just here that the author has exercised restraint. The talk is good and clever, and it is besides just what it would be in real life. Quisanté is, in short, so good a book that it is possible that many—those who insist on sword combats and epigrams—may think it dull. Those who can appreciate distinction and real imaginative insight cannot afford to miss reading it

No one is likely to accuse Mr. Zangwill of having put portraits into his latest novel, The Mantle of Elijah *(Harper & Brothers)* Yet it is so amazingly easy to explain the story, to those who have not read it, by fitting the names of real persons to its characters, that the temptation is irresistible.

Allegra, the heroine, is the daughter of Thomas Marshmont, a great Radical leader, and from him she has learned a passionate hatred of war and an intense sympathy for the miseries and burdens of the toiling millions. Her father's career ends in gradual failure, and Allegra marries a young disciple and secretary of his, Robert Broser, in the belief that she and her husband can take up and carry on the work that her father has put down. But Broser has from the beginning no intention of withstanding the temptation of the fleshpots of Imperialism, and he soon crowds forward in the political race as the very mouthpiece of all that is most jingo. Mr. Zangwill thus makes personal and emotional in the Broser family the conflict of opinion and feeling which divides Britain. He may set his story back chronologically and write of the Novabarbase war, but one feels that the fight is the South African war. So far one can give nothing but praise to the volume. It is thoughtful, carefully written, and packed with brilliancy

Mr Zangwill wrote his novel with a dramatization of it always in mind, and already the advertisements of his publishers announce its approaching production upon the stage. If he succeeds in making the book into an effective play he will have accomplished what all English-speaking playwrights have for years dreamed of doing, for he will have made dramatic one of the intellectual problems of a whole race, and have written a genuine political play

But if he succeeds he must be very careful of his last act; for Allegra's refuge in the philosophy, and ultimately, one suspects, in the arms of Mr. Raphael Dominick, is not pleasant, nor does it seem very real.

Dominick never seems more than a shadow. His philosophy is singularly vague and anæmic, and few readers will understand how Allegra found either him or his doctrine especially alluring. Nor is the fantastic household of Margaret Engelborne likely to charm the reader as it does Allegra. In short, the end of the book is flabby. Yet The Mantle of Elijah is a novel to read, for in it Mr. Zangwill uses sense and wit enough to equip a dozen novels such as one reads every day and forgets. —*H. G. Rhodes.*

A Floating Literary Shop

We have been told by many authors, in interviews, that regularity of work is almost the greatest secret of success. It is, however, not likely that there are many writers who would not consider a voyage across the Atlantic a sufficient excuse for an intermission in their labor. Even those who are good sailors would find work distasteful. An interesting exception to the rule is Captain Mahan. A fellow-passenger reports that, on a recent trip across, the distinguished biographer of Nelson could be seen every day, with a packet of foolscap paper and a stylographic pen, hard at work in the saloon or the smoking room. This, however, was to Captain Mahan after many years of service in the Navy, as natural a place to work as any

Mr Richard Harding Davis, who has not had the naval training, is nevertheless industrious on shipboard. On a recent voyage, which was so tempestuous as to be almost celebrated, Mr. Davis retired to his stateroom every morning between breakfast and luncheon and pegged away at a novel he was writing. And for those who were so fortunate as to sit near Mr. Davis, and to be a little in his confidence, the monotony of steamer life was occasionally varied by the reported progress of his heroine

How Henry B. Fuller Works

Mr. Henry B. Fuller is undoubtedly the swiftest worker among all the novelists whose work is recognized as being of the first order. His longest novel was written in exactly six weeks and some of his shorter books have been turned out in one month. This phenomenal speed of production has peculiar interest in view of the fact that Mr Fuller is held by exacting critics to be one of the most polished writers of the younger generation with a style exquisite in its finish. Mr. Fuller writes every word of his manuscript in longhand

His scenes, characters and the general movement of his story are clearly defined before he begins the task of actual composition. When once the ink begins to flow from his pen, however, he takes no account of hours, but works with intense application, day after day and night after night, until the book is finished. It is his belief that a book has greater strength, unity and carrying power when produced under one impulse and pushed through to completion without loss of natural cumulative impetus

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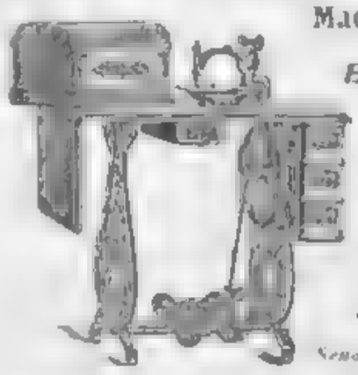

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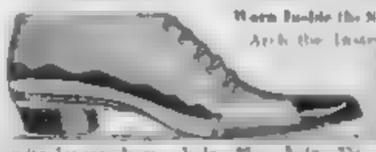

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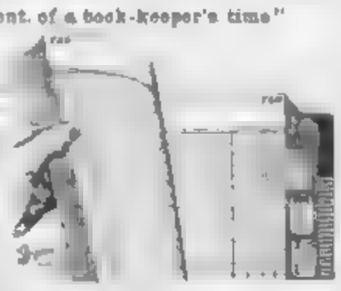

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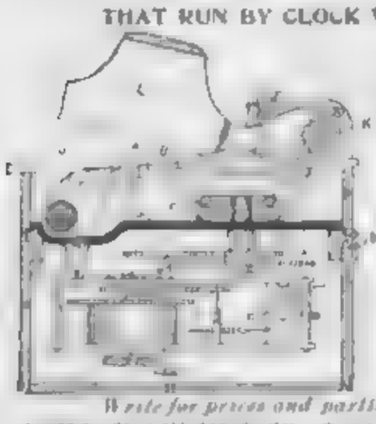

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How to Improve Your Health in Odd Moments

By Eustace H. Miles

Formerly Lecturer and Honours Coach at Cambridge University, England

NO LONGER do we live the healthy outdoor life which our ancestors lived We are not so healthy in body as they were, though we may be stronger in intellect To counteract the nervous exhaustion and other evils of city life we have to use means which at first seem artificial rather than natural: but it is better to use them than to be ill. I wish to suggest a few of the simplest here. They will be no great tax upon time or money.

First of all comes exercise; and a few kinds of exercise, out of some hundreds, may be discussed here. Those which necessitate a strain—that is to say, exercises of strength—often make people slow as well as making them muscular; and they may produce a large chest without producing a large expansive power of the chest: by this I mean that the chest may always be large, but not have the capacity of being larger when it is filled with air.

These exercises of strain or strength are generally bad for the young, who—owing to the relative size of their heart and arteries—need, instead, many exercises of speed Nevertheless they have their use. But exercises of activity are better, and should be practiced in the early morning. The body should be stripped. A man should have his windows open, so that he may have not only the benefit of the exercises, but also of the light and air bath, which is so cheap and yet so valuable. A sun-bath, with the head covered, is even better—when we can get it

The Value of Systematic Breathing

One of the best kinds of exercise is breathing. The mouth may be kept closed, or a quill may be put in it. Anyhow, the breathing should be done slowly, chiefly through the nose, because the nose is meant to filter and warm the air. Standing with the chin back and the shoulders back, breathe in slowly, upward; then hold the breath and put the chest all over; then let the breath out slowly and quietly. A friend of mine assures me that his chest expansion increased several inches owing to this exercise alone. One can test the growth of the chest by the tightness of the coat or waistcoat

This will be valuable for the lungs and for the chest, and will be valuable for the whole body, because through the whole body runs the blood, and the blood is purified by the oxygen of the air. Such an exercise will also strengthen the heart. The commonest exercises to accompany the in breathing and out-breathing may be summarized as follows The beginner should do the in-breathing with the in-breathing exercises; afterward, when he has become skillful at breathing, he may reverse the process, and do the in-breathing with the out-breathing exercises, and vice versa

Now, let us take one of the many exercises for the [illegible] Lie down flat on your back and raise both your legs as high as possible many times. You will be surprised to find how few times, at first, you can do this. The legs may be kept straight, or may be bent as they come up.

Another good exercise, for other organs besides the stomach, is also one of the best (though one of the least known) for reducing weight in a short time. By its means a boxer has put himself into training almost immediately, and it is wonderful to notice how the muscles of the stomach begin to appear. Take a plank and lean it up against a wall, or incline it in some other way. If possible, have a small platform at the top of the plank. Walk up the plank; then turn round and walk down it. If you begin quietly and at a gradual inclination this is a good exercise for the heart. Instead of climbing perpetually you are alternately climbing and descending I can cordially recommend this for many purposes.

We have considered, then, the lungs and the stomach. Now let us have something which will help the kidneys. Bend forward and, with the palms of your hands behind you, pat and slap the body where the kidneys are. This will help them considerably, and may be tried several times during the day—if no one is looking

Helpful Baths and Injurious Use of Soap

All these exercises are good for the heart, and the blood generally, and so is anything which will produce a sweat—for example, a Turkish bath. The best kind, of course, is one which leaves the head exposed to the open air

A game of squash is fine, quick exercise for sweating purposes. It can be played by artificial light. The more you perspire through the skin, the more you relieve the kidneys of extra work, for poisons go out through the skin, as well as through the mouth, and so forth.

The skin itself is helped by the air-bath mentioned above, for the skin breathes in and out. Tar over a dog and it will die, because it cannot breathe through its skin, even though it can still breathe through its mouth The perspiration will also be good for the skin, for the tiny pores of the body will be kept open. The unwary person often closes these pores with soap. I believe it is by far the safest plan to wet any part before you soap it; soap it, and then remove the soap; but do not put the soap on the dry skin. Of course, the skin is always helped by ordinary washing. It should be rubbed well—for instance, with loofah: a wet towel is nearly as good By the way, when one is abroad and cannot get a bath, a wet towel rubbed all over the body is almost as good The color even of the underclothing is said to have an effect upon the skin: red is thought to be warming and exciting; blue cooling and quieting. Color affects not only the eyes but also the surface of the body.

A helpful exercise is to twist the body Stand with the heels together and with the hands on the hips; then, keeping the feet rigid, twist the shoulders round upon the hips as upon a pivot. This is a fine exercise for many games, such as golf, cricket and lawn tennis You may vary the exercise by keeping the top part of the body rigid and moving the lower part of the body with a twisting movement

Food that Stimulates the Brain

We have now mentioned some of the most important organs: the lungs and chest, the heart, the stomach and the kidneys We now come to the brain. Any exercise may help the brain by purifying the blood, so that all the above exercises will be beneficial to it The blood circulates everywhere, and no one part can be benefited without every other part being benefited also.

I believe that food affects the brain more than anything else does. Of course, we need phosphates. It seems that the phosphates

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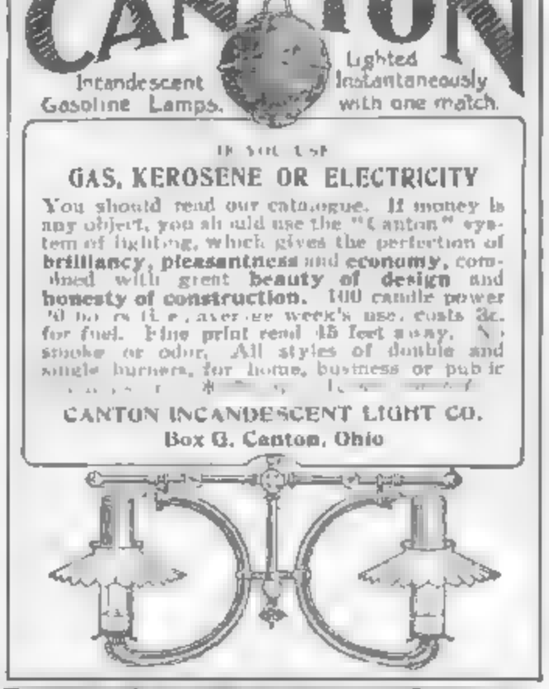

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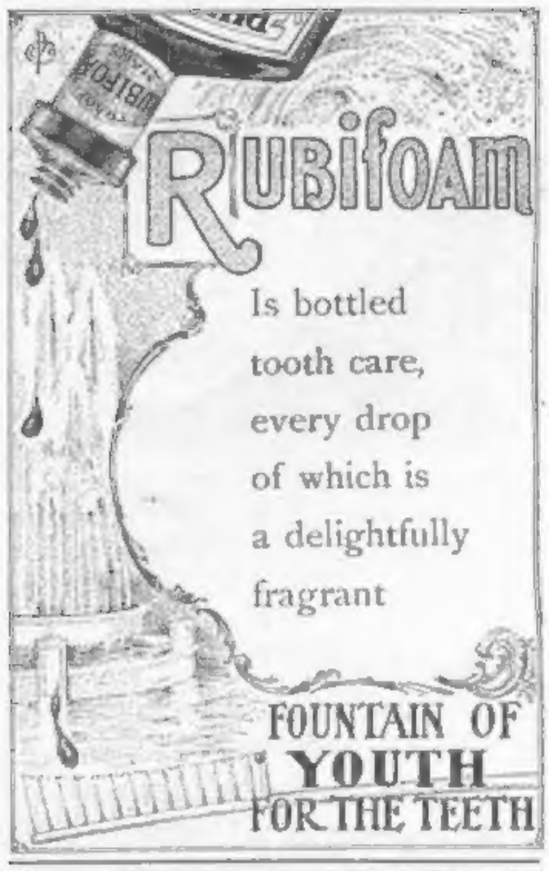

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from wheat and other sources have an equal value with the phosphates from fish. This has been my personal experience. But, far more important than phosphates, which are so easy to get (for example, in Graham bread), is the use of pure proteid. Its importance has scarcely been realized.

The proteid must be pure and, if possible, free from stimulants. It is remarkable that, if we can feed the rest of the body, the brain seems to be able to feed itself. Apparently the brain is the last part of us to stop working. If we eat nothing, we use up, first, our fat, then our cells and tissues. Everything has to give up its energy to the brain, as if the brain were the king of the city, and all the other inhabitants had to starve, if necessary, so that the king might be fed.

Another help for the brain is the use of cold water for the feet. It will draw the blood away from the brain itself. Walking barefoot on wet grass gives one of the most refreshing feelings that I know. Treading water in bath or basin is almost as good. Alternate hot and cold baths for the feet, or warm and cool baths, are an excellent cure for cold feet, and the same applied to the hands may serve as a cure for cold hands. And here I may mention a very simple way of keeping warm in cold weather. After you have had your bath and have dried yourself, wet yourself again before you put on your clothes. You will not catch cold if you do a few exercises afterward, but you will get a wonderful glow and harden yourself against catching a cold at all.

It may be convenient to mention, while we are on the subject of baths, a few rules for cold-water bathing. Do not use cold water until you are warm. Warm yourself, before you use cold water, by warm water or exercise or massage. The second rule is always to use cold (or at least cool) water after using hot or warm water, unless you have had a very, very hot bath; that is the sole exception, I believe. After a very, very hot bath you do not need cold water. The third rule is to get warm *after* using cold water as well as before using it; you can get warm by exercise or massage.

Coming back to baths that help the brain: one of them is the cold or cool bath for the head. Lie down on your back and let the back of your head rest in a basin partly filled with cool water. This can last two, or three, or even fifteen minutes. Cold water poured down the spine is one of the best of tonics.

Packs and rubbings are invaluable. They are liberally used in the nature-cure establishments in England, Austria, Germany and America. Partial packs are the best. For example, you have a cold. When you go to bed you can take a towel or a piece of material of a similar kind. Wet it thoroughly in cold water; wring it out; put it round your waist, not too tightly, yet not too loosely; over this, and overlapping it on both sides, put two or three thicknesses of flannel; tie the whole thing up safely. You will soon get a most delightful feeling of comfort after the first cold shock, and sleep will be induced. In the morning, or if you wake up at night, take off the two bandages, wash the place well, dry it carefully, and rub it.

Sleep is invaluable for the brain, and one help toward sleep is massage of the head. The head can easily be massaged either by the hand or by the massage-roller. The motion should be up the forehead from above the eyes.

Kicking is another good exercise for the brain, and a good time for kicking is the early morning, as soon as you get up. If you are tired with work, stand and kick about for half a minute.

Early rising, followed by the alternate walk and run, which is less exhausting than a continued run, is of course magnificent for the health all round.

Economy as a Help to Health

It seems strange to speak of economy as a help to health, and yet it is. Though it may not bring actual joy, it may do the next best thing—it may prevent worry, and thus prevent the bad effects of worry upon the blood, digestion, etc. You can economize in clothing by wearing few clothes. Those who wear few clothes are less liable to catch cold than those who wrap themselves up so carefully; and the washable clothes are often the cheapest. But the best means toward economy is the diet. It is curious that I should have found, after a very wide experience, that the very best foods for health, work and training are also the very cheapest and the easiest to regulate. The basis of my own food supply is milk-proteid, which is free from germs of typhoid, etc. It is not stimulating, as meat is, and is very, very rich in blood-forming elements.

People should eat slowly. Fast eating is a terrible curse in America; and, if you wish to eat slowly, you must begin by masticating consciously. Soon the slow mastication will develop into a habit even when you go out to luncheon downtown! That is the supreme test. You must concentrate your will, your whole energy, on the subject of mastication, and bite your food, let us say, thirty times for the mouthful.

Practice concentration of will in all things; that is also a great source of health. When you brush your hair, think of that, and that only: let your mind, as it were, move into the muscles which you are using. When you have a bath, think of that, and that only. When you play a game, you think of the game; when you work, you think of the work; and you should extend this experience to almost all things in life. When you go through some of the commonest acts you should think of them; put your whole soul into them. Of course, this can be carried too far; but the commonest fault is never to try it at all.

The Helpful Practice of Image-Making

Another help for the mind, and therefore for the health, is to practice image-forming in the mind. When you read, form mental pictures of some one doing something—only, of course, what you read must be pure and ennobling. How little we try to supplement and correct our character by image-forming. Yet, after all, a man's acts must largely depend upon the images which have been formed in his mind. Should not a coward study the images of brave men and get them into his mind as an everlasting possession? Should not the impure study the figures of purity? Should not the restless and anxious study the figures of restfulness and peacefulness till they get these figures into their minds and can imitate them? There is not the slightest doubt that we can fill our minds with certain images, and afterward recall these at will, and, with these, recall the state of mind which they represent. We must have the power of bringing up before our minds any given picture. In order to aid this power, so little developed as we grow older, we should try to draw from memory; then correct the drawing, and draw again. This is good practice for odd moments.

The most important image for the American mind is that of relaxation. We must practice getting ourselves into a position of relaxation even when there is no need for such a position, just as we practice for a game long before the competition itself. Let a person stand with bent legs and with a smile on the face and with arms and hands and fingers hanging down limp: let him remain thus for a few minutes each day when he feels fresh, happy and restful; then, when he feels tired or unhappy or restless he can resort to this position, and a feeling of contentment and repose will follow, "as the night the day."

Medical science has been wont to exaggerate the importance of internal remedies, but these are not to be neglected. Of these the greatest is water. If one is well, cool water may be best, and, anyhow, the times for drinking water are the early morning and the late evening—that is, just after and just before sleeping. If the blood is impure, the early morning water may have in it a little table salt. After this, there should be exercise before the meal. Again, if the blood is impure, hot water, the last thing at night or the first thing in the morning, may be the best. Here, again, one should not eat near the time when one drinks water.

One of the best forms of water is in fruit—for instance, apples; for here the water is soft and pure. Other fruits, vegetables, etc., have their various uses. Among these, onions and lemons may be mentioned. But the apple is the prince of fruits, partly because it has valuable salts, and also fibre, which our systems need.

What else shall we take besides pure water in some form or other? Is there any drug which is valuable? There are some who take salicylate of soda the last thing at night. This breaks up the uric acid in the blood. There are others who take aromatic spirits of ammonia, especially in some effervescent water. There are others who take bran-tea, which is good for the brain, or oat-tea, or tea made from almost any sort of fruit—for example, apple tea or black currant tea; but for a person in perfect health water is generally sufficient.

Party Luncheons

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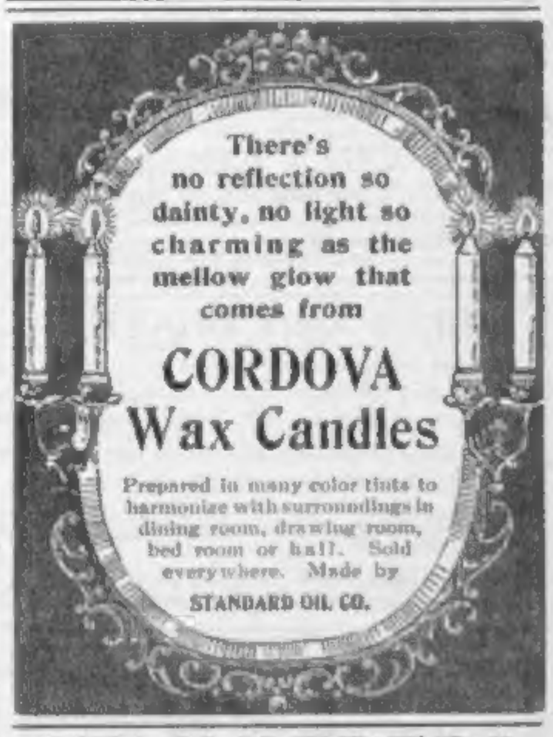
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That Bodin Affair

"Welcome to my humble abode"

By Charles Battell Loomis

YES, I am George Napier, the writer," I said to the reporter. "You have called, I suppose, in reference to that tremendous abuse of hospitality committed by M. François Bodin?"

"I have," said the reporter. "I read his article in the Figaro, and it amused me so much that I asked for the privilege of interviewing you for the Standard."

I reflected a moment. Then I said: "My dear fellow, if there is a story in this thing I want to tell it myself."

The reporter laughed, accepted a cigar and got a story upon another topic, but Bodin was not again mentioned by either of us.

After he had gone I sat down and wrote the account of what had happened as follows:

Last year I made a trip to Europe by myself, for the purpose of getting material, as I had entirely exhausted America. I met this M. Bodin at the house of an old compatriot of mine who, becoming tired of poverty, became wealthy and went to live in the Faubourg St. Germain, where he entertains writer folk right royally.

I met him several times while in Paris, and once, over some absinthe—the first I had ever tasted and, thank Heaven, the last that I ever will taste—we swore eternal friendship and I invited him to visit me if he ever came to America. I told him that Mrs. Napier would like him for my sake as well as for his own—which is as near as I can come to saying a thing with French grace.

Last April I received a letter from him. His doctor had recommended an ocean voyage; he was coming to America and going back on the same steamer, and would I be kind enough to meet him and help him to find a good hotel?

At that time I was getting ready to move from New York into the hill land of New Jersey, in order to give my baby daughter, Ethelinda, the benefit of country air.

He said that he expected to land in America on Thursday, May 23, so I wrote him that I could not meet him, but that he must take train and come right out to visit us at Stanford Heights. I inclosed time-tables and minute directions for his guidance.

Well, you know what delays one meets with when a date has been set on which to move. We had expected to be comfortably settled by May 15, but it was not to be.

Each Saturday I went out and reviewed the work done, but it was not until Wednesday, May 22, that I sent out my furniture by freight.

I think that it will readily be believed that in the hurries and worries that fell to my lot I totally forgot my dear friend, M. Bodin.

On Thursday we left our narrow flat, feeling like dry sponges which are about to be soaked, and were driven to the Erie Ferry at the foot of Twenty-third Street—my wife and I, Christiana, the maid, with the baby Ethelinda, our dog, a pet cat of my wife's, my bicycle and suit case, not to mention several bundles and packages that it seems to be always my lot to carry.

After numerous mishaps too obvious to recount we arrived at Stanford, which is the railway station for Stanford Heights and is just three miles away.

As our menagerie stepped out of one of the forward coaches, who should emerge from the last coach but M. François Bodin?

I tell you that I was beside myself. Here was no time for explanations. I could not send him back; there is no hotel in Stanford; so I dropped my bundles, grasped his hands warmly in mine and said in as good French as I could muster: "Welcome, welcome, my dear fellow! How lucky you caught this train! We have been to New York for the day. I didn't expect your steamer until tomorrow—fogs, head winds, you know—oh, pardon me, let me have the honor of presenting you to Mrs. Napier. Miriam, this is my good friend, M. Bodin, who did so much to make my stay in Paris memorable."

My wife is not easily flustered, and, though she immediately divined that I must have invited M. Bodin to be our guest at this tremendously inopportune time, she greeted him with such cordiality that I am sure he felt repaid for his ocean trip. I was really glad to show him that we Americans are warm-hearted.

I hastily chartered the station 'bus to take us up the hill, bag and baggage. It is hardly necessary to say that our trunks had not come on the train with us. That always happens when one travels.

I had hired a local charwoman and her equally local husband to warm the house and unpack the furniture, so that we should not arrive in that most cheerless of all things, a bare, cold, uncarpeted house. It would not take Miriam long to transform our guest chamber into a bower, and Bodin need never know that he had surprised us in the act of moving in.

He was gay and light-hearted on the way up and, after the manner of his race, devoted himself to Mrs. Napier. He admired the scenery, said things about the baby Ethelinda that, while non-committal, were exceedingly good for a bachelor, and in his rather poor English he expressed surprise that we should travel to New York for the day with all our animals and with so much baggage. "Eet ees a co'ntry 'abeet, I suppose," said he.

"No," said my wife with animation, "a habit of the country—quite a difference."

I told him that we had not taken all our animals—had left our hens behind—but I don't think that he understood the joke—if joke there was. I had bought some twoscore black Spanish pullets that had just begun to lay, and I expected a cow by evening, to say nothing of a hired man to take care of the horses that I had purchased and which were to come over from Newark that afternoon.

Really I had my work cut out for me and should never have let him come a step. But a hospitable spirit is hard to overcome.

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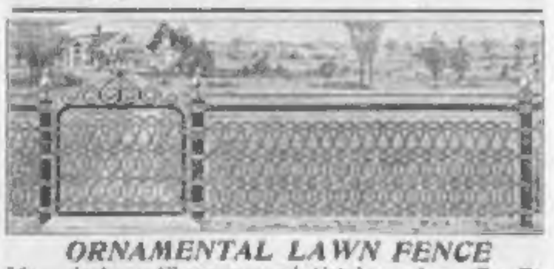

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our home and saw before us the Colonial cottage with the picturesque barn somewhat back from it and the not so picturesque hen-house in the middle distance.

Just then some large drops of rain fell in our faces and I told the 'bus driver to hurry and get us to the house. There was a strange look of uninhabitedness about it that I did not like, but we alighted and stood under the wide veranda while I pulled the bell to let the charwoman and her husband know that we had come.

Then I unlocked the door and with almost French grace I said, "Welcome to my humble abode."

M. Bodin bowed politely and we all went into the house.

It was as cold as a stone and as bare as a new-born babe!

I learned a week later that the charwoman had fallen ill and could not come, and that her devoted husband had stayed to take care of her.

Frenchmen have queer ideas of our customs. I could see that Bodin was not one whit surprised at our entire lack of furniture and carpets, nor at the abundance of shavings and solder and plastering, so I determined to make absolutely no explanations, but treat him as well as I could under the unfortunate circumstances, and when in the course of a few days order was restored he would see for himself how it had all happened.

The baby Ethelinda was perfectly frank. She didn't like it and she and the dog howled dismally, while Christiana fell to sobbing. Mrs. Napier tried to be cheerful and went from room to room in the vain hope that she would find a chair or a bed or two. I told Bodin that when it let up raining I'd take him out to the barn and show him my horses. Then, as he might as well know the worst at once, I took him up to his room, a perfectly bare apartment with a carpenter's bench still in it and a soap box full of shavings. I said jokingly but half hysterically, "This is your bed."

I left him with a puzzled expression on his face and hurried down to my wife. "What is to be done?" I said. "Of course you understand that I invited M. Bodin and forgot to tell you. Now, what shall we do with him? Nothing to eat or drink or read, no house nearer than a quarter of a mile, raining cats and dogs, and the 'bus gone."

"Why, I suppose we can all starve together," said my wife sweetly.

"Oh, there's no question of starving while we have all those eggs and hens and the milk from the cow——"

"Are you sure we have them? The charwoman's husband was to bring them."

I smote my temples.

By great good luck I had brought my mackintosh and rubbers in my suit case, and I now put these on and went out to the hen-house. Empty as a cage after the bird has flown! I went to the barn. My rubbered feet echoed dismally through it, but I was greeted with neither whinny nor low, nor was any hired man there. To anticipate, neither he nor the horses came for two days, owing to a mistake in dates; the cow did not come for a week.

You see I'm no organizer; I have little executive ability, or all these things would have happened differently.

I now determined to do all I could to mitigate our woes, so I went in and told my wife what had happened, or rather what had not happened, and that, unless I could beg some food from one of my unknown neighbors, we should go supperless to bed, and M. Bodin would set down in his notebook: "The Americans do not eat until the next day."

I also told her to make him feel as comfortable as possible, and on no account to let him feel that he had intruded.

I called him from the carpenter's bench and the box of shavings, and said cavalierly: "I suppose you don't mind sleeping in the barn—new-mown hay—fragrant—lowing of the kine—stamp of horses—fluttering of doves in the cotes—all that sort of thing?"

"Better zan ze bench—really. Eet ees so strange here in zees co'ntry. No bed, non?"

"My dear friend," I said, "beds and furniture take up so much room. A well-stored mind—an amiable wife—an interesting child—what need of furniture?"

"True," he said—a little doubtfully, I thought.

I had a large cake of chocolate and I broke it into four pieces and said: "It is the hour for the afternoon repast. Will you join us?" The baby, Ethelinda, was not dependent upon chocolate.

M. Bodin seemed pleased to eat the chocolate; said it reminded him of home—of the army—of forced marches.

After we had finished our simple repast, which we ate standing, as they drink the Queen's health—but for a different reason—I suggested that M. Bodin amuse himself as he chose until I had returned from a walk. I wished to pick some damp wild flowers, I told him.

"Ah! you Americans are so ant'oosisteek," says he.

Then I went out into the storm and wended my way to the house of my nearest neighbor, from whom I begged a basketful of provisions.

I brought these provisions back. There were cold lamb, six fresh eggs, a loaf of bread, some butter, a small jar of pickles and a tumbler of currant jelly. Also one quart of milk.

Then in the barn I spread the repast on the top of a grain bin and went back to the house to invite my friend to dinner.

Mrs. Napier had made herself agreeable in the meantime and Bodin was in fine spirits, proving the worth of the chocolate as a staver off of starvation.

"It is now the time for dinner in the barn," I said to M. Bodin.

He expressed well-simulated surprise, although he must have been upon the verge of fainting. I know I was.

"Let us eat, drink and be merry," said I, "for to-morrow we die." I thought that M. Bodin looked relieved at hearing the last clause, but I may have been mistaken.

"Youer customs are so deefairan' from ours," said he musingly. "Shoccola' in ze house at t'ree, dine at four in ze—vat you call?—ze house of ze horse. Eet ees samplicitie an' I like eet, but eet ees deefairan'."

In spite of his cake of chocolate M. Bodin ate heartily of the cold dinner, eating the eggs raw—for we had no way to cook them—and protesting that he had never tasted any with just the same flavor. And my neighbor had told me that they were strictly fresh.

After dinner I pulled out a pack of cards with which I am always provided, and we played euchre until long after the nurse had climbed the ladder with the baby Ethelinda and had sought repose among the wisps of fragrant hay. He did not notice the absence of the live stock and I did not mention it.

After M. Bodin had smothered three yawns I said: "Whenever you are ready I will shake up some hay for you. We sleep on the hay in order to get closer to Nature. The house is all very well in the daytime, but at night the hay is more comfortable."

"But if Monsieur would follow ze French fashion and have chairs and beds in ze house—non?" said he laughing, as I shook my head deprecatingly. "Well, every co'ntry to eet's own mode."

We gave M. Bodin the whole south mow for his bed-chamber, while we tossed uneasily in the north mow. The baby Ethelinda slept calmly, although it is her wont to be wakeful. But the hay was too sharp for our necks, and the cat made too much noise chasing mice through it, and the dog bayed the moon—for the rain had ceased and the weather was clear, though damp.

M. Bodin looked the picture of a haggard man when he met us on the barn floor in the morning, but he protested that he had not slept so since he spent a night with his father in a peasant's cottage in Normandy—and I dare say he spoke the truth.

After we had all made our toilets at the pump, which stood just outside the door, we ate up what was left of the supper.

"Now, my friend," said I, "let us return to the house and pursue the pleasures of the day."

Then for the first time M. Bodin looked pained. I could feel that he was thinking of that carpenter's bench. He said:

"My friend, you 'ave been vair' kin' to me an' I appreciate eet, but eef you vil pardon me, ve 'ave a deefairan' ceev'leezasho' een France an' I am vat you call?—'omeseek. I mus' return to New York to ze steemair vere I haf a bert' waitin' for me."

I could do no less than hire a horse from a neighbor and drive him down to the station. On the way there I met our furniture coming up in a covered van, but I did not turn back. He caught the express for New York and I saw him no more.

And now he has repaid my kindness with his insulting article in the Figaro, in which he talks of the low ebb at which civilization is in this country, and comments upon the strange habits and customs of the cultivated—and particularly the literary—classes in America—all of it founded entirely upon his visit to my unfurnished house, for I learn that he did not leave his stateroom until the steamer had gotten out upon the high seas.

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The idea of the illuminating bomb is to expose at night the position of an enemy, or to reveal the character of his defenses, when an attack is contemplated. There are already several such projectiles, of different varieties, on the market. With one, a shell is fired from an ordinary cannon (a mountain howitzer will serve the purpose, the bombs being of various calibres), and it is so constructed as to explode on impact, liberating a flaming compound.

One compound is said to be somewhat similar to the ordinary "blue-light mixture" used in Fourth of July pyrotechnics, consisting of sulphur, saltpetre and a hydrocarbon. It is meant to burn as brilliantly as possible, and to keep on burning for at least a minute or two. The illumination lasts as long as the saltpetre supplies oxygen to maintain combustion.

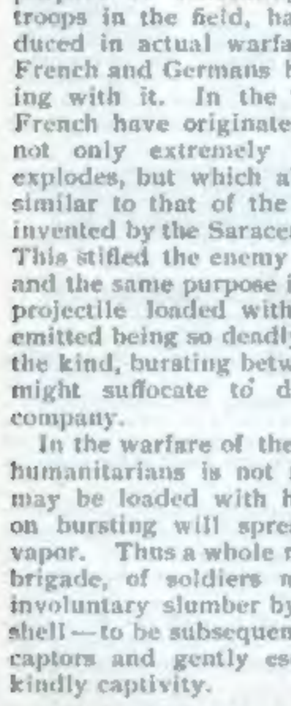
Another species of bomb, which on bursting liberates dense clouds of smoke, with the purpose of concealing the movements of troops in the field, has not yet been introduced in actual warfare, although both the French and Germans have been experimenting with it. In the "melinite" shell the French have originated a type of projectile not only extremely destructive when it explodes, but which also achieves an effect similar to that of the ancient "stink-pot," invented by the Saracens in the Middle Ages. This stifled the enemy with poisonous gases, and the same purpose is accomplished by the projectile loaded with melinite, the fumes emitted being so deadly that a single bomb of the kind, bursting between decks on a vessel, might suffocate to death half the ship's company.

In the warfare of the future, if the hope of humanitarians is not misplaced, projectiles may be loaded with harmless drugs, which on bursting will spread a sleep-producing vapor. Thus a whole regiment, or perhaps a brigade, of soldiers may be plunged into involuntary slumber by a single well-aimed shell—to be subsequently awakened by their captors and gently escorted to a place of kindly captivity.

Do Bees Damage Peaches?

The question whether bees do injury to peach orchards has come up recently for legal decision in an interesting way, a New York peach grower having secured a judgment of twenty-five dollars against the owner of an adjoining farm and apiary, for damage alleged to have been inflicted by his insects.

The two have been nicknamed "Peach Tree" and "Honey Bee." Last summer Peach Tree complained grievously of damage done to his fruit by bees, which, he declared, came from Honey Bee's hives. He lay awake nights thinking of expedients whereby the depredations could be fixed upon his neighbor's bees, the obvious difficulty being that such insects are very much alike and therefore hard to identify, and finally he hit upon the plan of capturing a number of the offenders, which he found actually roosting on his peaches, and powdering them with flour. Having liberated the captives, he went to the adjoining farm and was able triumphantly to point out bees which still showed marks of white.



The upshot was a suit for damages, estimated at one hundred dollars, and a judgment for twenty-five dollars finally entered against Honey Bee. But at this stage of the proceedings the National Association of Bee-keepers took up the case and appealed it, believing that it could not afford to allow such a conviction against the industrious honey-getter to stand.

Fortunately, the bee-keepers were able to summon a formidable authority to testify in their behalf: Dr. Frank Benton, of the Department of Agriculture. It is said that Doctor Benton knows more about bees than does any other man living, and he treated the court to a surprise. Holding up a vicious-looking wasp between his fingers, he proceeded to state, as a fact which he declared to be beyond contravention, that this was in reality the mischief-maker that had done the damage to Peach Tree's peaches. It had been ascertained by thorough investigation, he said, that wasps are in the habit of stinging peaches, whereas bees never do such a thing, though they will sometimes suck juice from the holes made by the wasps.

"This fellow is the criminal," said Doctor Benton. "If you can catch him, we are perfectly willing that he shall be punished."

By this testimony the case for the plaintiff was upset, a reversal of the previous judgment was secured, and rejoicing was brought not only to Honey Bee, but to all good bee-keepers throughout the land.

Experiments with Fish Eggs

A phenomenon that has been a puzzle to naturalists is the frequent occurrence of embryo monsters in fish eggs—that is to say, double-headed and otherwise abnormal young ones. With a view to acquiring some knowledge on the subject, experts of the Fish Commission have been trying to produce similar monsters artificially, by purposely inflicting certain injuries upon the eggs. It has been proved that various freaks may be obtained from the eggs of chickens by interfering at a critical period with the germs they contain, and it was thought that the same thing might be accomplished with fish eggs, so as to throw light upon the causes of such deformities.

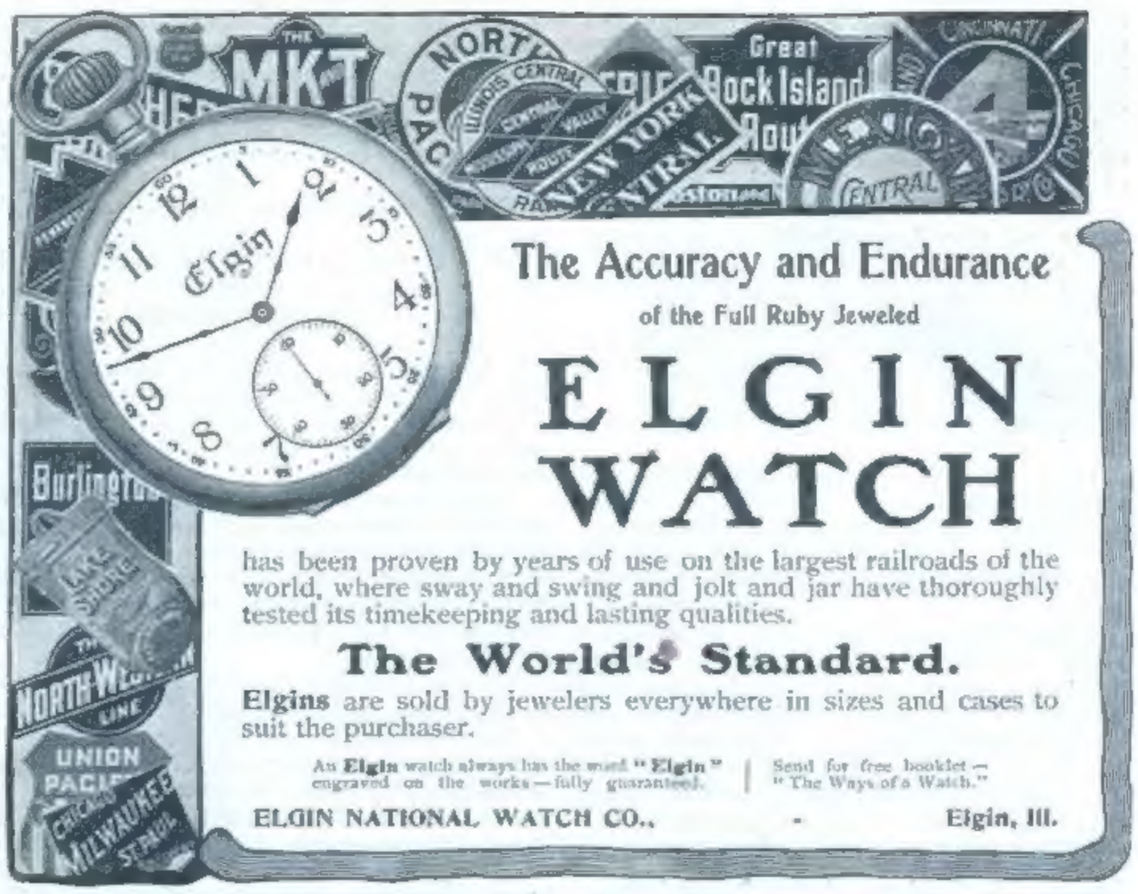
With this benevolent intention, fish eggs of various kinds were jolted about and otherwise treated injuriously. One lot of them, for example, was placed in a small glass jar securely corked, which was then dropped ten times from a height of four feet into a wooden pail half filled with water, striking the bottom of the bucket each time with considerable violence. But these and other trials produced no monsters, though they killed a good many of the eggs. Those left alive hatched out normal fish in due time. The conclusion was reached that, in handling fish eggs, it is of the utmost importance to avoid shaking them up or disturbing them in any avoidable way.

A Musical Typewriter

One of the most interesting of recent inventions is the musical typewriter. It does not play music, but writes it, the keyboard being an arrangement of musical characters instead of ordinary letters. The mechanism is in most respects similar to that of the every-day typewriter.

The sheet of paper on which the music is to be written is printed beforehand with the lines of the staff, and, by pressing one of the buttons, the musical character desired may be made to assume its place on the line wanted, so as to stand for the proper note or other mark. Full notes, half notes, quarter notes, eighth notes and sixteenth notes appear on the keys, as well as the signs for sharps and flats.

In writing music, the operator first prints the clef mark, and then the arrangement of sharps and flats which indicates the key in which the piece is written. Chords are formed by putting the component notes together, one after another, but in a vertical line on the staff. It is all very simple, but, as may easily be realized, this kind of typewriter requires special expertness and a good deal of practice. It is likely to be of more value in copying than in actual composing.



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